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## THE HOPES OF POLAND.

SYMPATHY with the Polish race is not confined by any means to the Liberals of the Continent. It has suddenly become the fashion in the most eminent and the most Ultramontane circles. His Holiness the Pope has determined, if such be the will of Heaven, to have one more flirtation with nationalities before he dies, and to bestow the affection which Italy asks in vain upon revolutionary Poland. His example has been followed by his European flock. All over Catholic Christendom, pontiffs, bishops, and clergy follow in the train, executing the most sacred and the most paradoxical of dances in honour of the Poles. The Bourbons have caught the general infection. The Orleanists, or such of them as are penetrated with the spirit of true religion, have done the same. M. Montalembert, after a long seclusion, reappears, missal in hand, among the friends of liberty. His Grace of Orleans comes down from his pulpit where he has been cursing Garibaldi, with his face full of beaming love for the Catholic insurrectionists of Warsaw. In that part of the Tuileries which is sacred to piety and beauty, the effect has been, it is said, of a similar description. Tears have been dropped for Poland in a certain *boudoir*. Nor has Compiègne itself—the golden-sandalled, the bare-armed—forgotten to be moved. At so universal a storm of sympathy the saturnine De Morny shrugs his impassive shoulders all in vain. Poland, for the moment, is the rage. The Church and State unite, for the nonce, to tolerate revolutionary sentiments. The Imperial eagle and the golden lilies join in weeping tears of joy over the once truant and apostate, but now converted, regenerate, and Catholic *drapeau rouge*.

It is enough to turn the head of the "Revolution" to find itself suddenly in the very odour of sanctity, with its banners blessed by the Church and its praises sung by the esquires and ladies of the Court. When Austria is seen adding her contribution to the common fund of goodwill, it is time for Poland to reflect whether there is not something unnatural in all this sudden enthusiasm. M. Kossuth at this crisis appears, in the character and with all the solemnity of a political spectre, to warn the Poles that they are the victims of hallucination. He stretches his bony hand and tells them that the friendship of Austria is fleeting and visionary. It is the skeleton of the Egyptian feast. "I once have trusted Austria," he cries, "and lo! here I lie!" With all possible respect for the present decent intentions of the Austrian Court, it is impossible not to feel that M. Kossuth is right. Austria is, no doubt, to be congratulated on the new-found dignity which forbids her, upon any consideration, to play the part of the Russian police; or to return, in kind, the hideous favours she received at the hand of

Russia during the Hungarian Revolution. Nor is it improbable that the indignation which the Vienna Cabinet exhibits at the Prusso-Russian convention is sincere, or at all events permanently assumed. A splendid opportunity has offered itself to them of catching infidel Berlin upon the hip. The chaste German Pallas has been found tripping, and the virtue of Imperial Juno shines out with triumphant austerity. Besides all this, there are many Austrians who would view a resuscitated Polish kingdom with anything but disfavour. Austria would reap advantage from it both as regards her influence in Germany and her relation to Russia. For all that, the Revolution had best not trust Austria. Her statesmen come of a reactionary stock, and she cannot gain territorially by European revolution. The flame of Poland may kindle flames elsewhere, and so long as the Poles are in armed rebellion, Austria cannot but tremble lest her outlying provinces should take advantage of the temporary paralysis of the despotism on her northern frontier. *Paries proximus ardet*. The house of her neighbour is on fire. She may resent the officious interference of the bystanders, and take a malicious pleasure in watching the progress of the conflagration; but it will probably be a relief to her to know that all is over.

For all available purposes, Poland has but England and France to look to in the hour of her emergency. England, when it is a question of making war for an idea, is apt to fight shy. As regards the Continent, we live an isolated life. Their politics touch us but little. Their language is as foreign to us as their habits of thought and action; and there is no common revolutionary instinct which makes our heart vibrate with theirs. England, moreover, is keenly sensitive to the horrors of a war. It is easier to kindle the spark than to know whither the wind will blow it, or in what the blaze will end. The natural impression of a bystander would, in all likelihood, be that Englishmen would never consent to a wild-goose chase after Polish independence. The Lord Mayor may hold his meetings and the public may subscribe their thousands of pounds to assist the wounded Poles; but when it comes to fighting, it may be said the Lord Mayor and public will retire and leave the Poles and the Russians to massacre one another. There is some truth in this view of the English nation. We are a generous, but by no means a Quixotic people; and when we are asked for our money or our life, we prefer giving our money. At this moment the French press accuses us, not without a show of plausibility in the opinion of impartial spectators, of a desire that France should bear the burdens of a Polish war, and that we ourselves should enjoy the privileges of neutrality. For these reasons, it cannot be said that Poland should rest her hopes in England or look for the gleam of British bayonets on Polish soil. As the French said in



1831, we cannot get to Warsaw in balloons. On the other hand, it is plain that the misery of the Polish people has made a deep impression on all classes in the country. There is far more excitement and anxiety in their favour than there was in favour of the Italians at the beginning of the campaign in Lombardy. The nation, in a word, is in a state of mind in which an able Ministry might lead it as they chose. Lord Palmerston most probably will not be driven to ulterior measures by the public, should he choose to adopt the *laissez faire* policy that we have adopted recently in foreign politics. But the country will be prepared to follow Lord Palmerston, should he think fit to interfere between the Cossack and his victim. The question, therefore, is, Is it right and expedient that an English ministry should so interfere, and can they interfere safely, honourably, and with reasonable hope of success?

For France the question must present itself in a different shape. The epigram of Madame de Staël has at last come true. Napoleonism is now not merely a man, but a system. The Emperor has a part to play as chief and representative of the French Empire, independent of his personal feelings or his personal ambition. That Napoleon III. is made up of contradictory impulses, of a strange mixture of candour and reserve, of audacity and vacillation, of generosity and calculation, is evident. But those who attempt to scrutinize his conduct from this point of view alone, take but a one-sided view. The Emperor is more than an unusual combination of extravagant and romantic qualities; he is the head, and therefore also the slave, of a system. The Empire has taken upon itself a character to which it must be true, or forfeit half its power. France is the armed missionary of the revolution, of national independence, and of all that the French understand by the complex word civilization. Under this guise she has, within the last ten years, wrapped Europe in two wars, and threatened Europe with more than two. As such she has interfered in all quarters of the habitable globe, and is at present maintaining a large army on the banks of the Tiber and on the heights of Orizaba. The inconsistency would be monstrous if she laid aside the apostle's robe simply because it becomes dangerous to wear it. The French are proud and daring, and those who rule them must be the same. The Emperor cannot afford to seem to pocket an affront, or to bate anything of the immoderate pretensions he himself has raised. Much of the popularity of Imperialism rests upon the fact that the Empire found the French flag trailing on the ground, and has restored it to its old position. To obliterate the memory of Waterloo is the chief and foremost portion of the Imperial programme. By that its authors mean, not so much vengeance on those who humbled France in 1815, as to destroy and trample on the arrangements and agreements in which Waterloo compelled the French people to acquiesce. At that period of universal excitement Europe was at the mercy of the great Powers, and they did with her as they willed. To obliterate Waterloo is to undo all that was done after Waterloo. The restoration of Poland and Italy thus becomes dear to the French nation. They are not simply making war in such a case for an idea; they make war for the sake of satisfying a wounded, and yet an insatiable, pride.

When Louis Napoleon mounted the throne, he brought with him a written programme, to the spirit of which he has since adhered. Its main and leading idea was to break up and render for ever impossible a European coalition, and at the same time to place France once more at the head of the Continent, and in the van of progress. "*Ni la guerre universelle,*" he cries, "*ni la paix sans honneur.*" The wheel of Fortune has presented him in turn with varied occasions for dissolving confederate Europe into its component parts. The Russian war separated Russia and England, and sowed distrust between Russia and Austria. The Italian for ever severed England and Austria, and made Austria hate the very name of Prussia. A Polish campaign would perhaps complete the cycle. Austria, Prussia, and Russia would henceforward be at enmity; and the two sworn allies, England and Prussia, might be parted. Meanwhile old European reactionary systems—for the Emperor is generous and an idealist—would be passing away. A new Europe would be forming under the tutelage of France. The map of the future would define itself, the coming years would not seem all so dark. Such, perchance, might once have been the full purpose of the great Imperial Dreamer who presides over the councils of the Tuileries; and had it been

so, Poland might have hoped. But years are thickening upon them. Age takes away the visions of youth and manhood, and even quenches the fiery purpose of Ambition. The great Duellist stands irresolute. Will he accept the courteous rebuke offered him by the Despot of the North, or will he descend into the plain, and submit to the perilous arbitrament of war? Should he decide on the course most suited to his name and least suited to his years, the conflict may be severe, but the result does not lie in shadow. To doubt that Poland would ultimately be free would be to disbelieve in the bravery of Europe's bravest soldiers, and in the progress of liberty and order.

#### THE BREAK DOWN OF THE CITY POLICE.

THE City authorities admit that their police arrangements broke down on the Saturday of the Royal reception, and that after this ample warning they broke down again on the following Tuesday evening. They exert all their ingenuity to prove that in the nature of things this must have been. Nor is their reasoning without some force, if we admit the premiss from which they start—the absolute necessity of a Lord Mayor and Corporation, with a force of peace officers under their exclusive control. Unfortunately, in an age which questions everything even this great dignitary and his colleagues may be called upon to show cause why they should exist, or at all events why they should retain their present powers. And it is certainly rather an awkward fact with which to commence the inquiry, that on the two days we have mentioned disorder reigned supreme within their jurisdiction, while order was maintained in the rest of the metropolis. No one who is acquainted with the circumstances will accuse Lord Alfred Paget of exaggeration, when he compared his feelings on approaching Temple Bar to those of arctic navigators who, after having been for some time locked up in icebergs, see in the distance open water. In order to ascertain whether it was really beyond the wisdom of man to prevent the Princess Alexandra from being in the hands of a dense and immovable mass of people at the north end of London Bridge for some twenty minutes, and suffering a like detention in front of the Mansion House; in order to solve the still more serious problem which arises out of the crushing, trampling, suffocating to death of some seven or eight persons on Ludgate-hill and in the Poultry upon the subsequent night,—it is requisite to recall the state of things which, by common agreement, existed on these occasions. In reference to the first, we need do little more than allude to the absolute helplessness of the City police, which compelled her Majesty's chief equerry to "chaff" and coax a way for the royal *cortège* through the good-humoured multitude. The indifference of the subordinates, like "No. 68," who refused to worry himself by assisting to prevent persons hanging upon the very carriage in which the Prince and Princess rode, was well matched by the heedlessness of their chief, who allowed the great centres of attraction to be occupied in such a manner as to preclude the clearance of a proper passage. That morning's crowd was, however, stationary; and no accidents occurred. But to those who could learn wisdom, without its lessons being driven home by fatal casualties, it might have been evident what such a crowd must be, if put in motion through the narrow streets of the City. And yet on the Tuesday night no steps were taken to hinder persons from debouching into the space before the Mansion House from each of the seven streets which meet there; nothing was done to prevent two streams meeting in the Poultry, while other streams flowed in from the thoroughfares on either hand, and vehicles forced a passage through the pedestrians; opposing currents were allowed to set both up and down Ludgate-hill without the slightest direction on the part of the police; the confusion certain to be created in a street of this limited width was aggravated by the multitudes who came over Blackfriars-bridge and down Farringdon-street and pushed their way into or against the body moving either east or west; barriers were nowhere erected to assist the constables in managing the traffic; and the constables themselves were barely discernible here and there in the agitated mass amongst whom they were supposed to keep order.

The reply of the Corporation to the heavy indictment involved in these facts is, first and foremost, the standing answer of all feeble and inefficient men or public bodies



when anything goes wrong,—“It couldn't be helped.” That it was helped west of Temple Bar, strikes them as a matter of no importance. They fall back at once upon the narrowness of their thoroughfares and the superiority of their attractions, which, they say, collected a greater crowd here than elsewhere. But, at the best, this only proves that the difficulty within was somewhat greater than that without their jurisdiction, and that it required to be met with greater precautions and a stronger force. According to their own account, nothing happened but what might have been foreseen, and therefore provided against. The straitness of these streets must have been obvious to them before, as after, the night of the illuminations. They were not insensible to the probable effect of some at least of the shows they provided. We have not forgotten how they sulked at having to turn up Chancery-lane, or the frankness with which they declared that no one would deign to look at the procession east of Temple Bar, unless Sir G. Grey allowed their Royal Highnesses to be set off by the brilliant escort of the Common Council in cabs. What we complain of is, that knowing all this beforehand, they did nothing to prevent the natural results. A narrow street may be passed through safely by as dense a column as can get into it, if this be not met by another column, or cut into and across from the sides. With a sufficient force of police, it is not impossible to prevent those going one way hustling those going the other, for each set can be compelled to keep its own side of the road. The Lord Mayor and Inspector Foulger are doubtless right in deprecating the erection of barriers, so placed as to obstruct the principal lines of traffic; but that does not prove that at the end of the side streets they would have been useless in preventing cross-currents, or in checking the sudden incursions of “roughs.” But it is really quite unnecessary to argue this point, because the conduct of the City authorities on every Lord Mayor's Day settles it, so far as they are concerned. They then always erect barriers in exactly the positions we have described, and evidently with the object for which we contend they are useful. Their foresight was therefore shown by omitting, on an extraordinary occasion, the measures they deem judicious on one of so ordinary a character as the annual municipal procession. We might easily mention other arrangements which would have suggested themselves to an intelligent man at the head of an efficient force. But it is not worth while to inquire further what might have been done, when it is perfectly plain that nothing was done at all. The reason of this is not far to seek. Nothing was done, because nothing could be done with so small a body as the ordinary City police force. Barriers are useless unless you have men to keep them; traffic cannot be regulated unless you have the means of enforcing your regulations. No doubt it was felt by the chief, as well as by the rank and file—to quote Lord A. Paget again—“that they were so few in number that they were completely overwhelmed;” and, in point of fact, “they gave it up as a bad job.” But that only raises the really important question, Why were they so few? How was it that, while there was an abundance of efficient police protection west of Temple Bar, any one who went east carried his life in his hand? By this time every one is aware that it was because the City, with its 130,000 inhabitants—about the twentieth part of the population of London—insists upon having a separate corps of a few hundred men, and is thus precluded from drawing, like the neighbouring districts, upon the large reserve which a small army like the metropolitan force can always supply for the wants of any locality where unusual crowds are gathered. The latter is elastic in proportion to the smallness of the area in which extra duty is ever required to be done, compared with that whose usual wants it is calculated to meet. The former cannot adapt itself to emergencies like those in question, because if every man were taken from his beat and transferred to the scene of action they could not cope with the multitudes who then fill the long line of streets which require to be strongly occupied. The civic authorities admit as much, by the plea that their police is adequate to ordinary demands; but that, for one so extraordinary as was lately made they cannot be expected to provide. Some of them, indeed, seem to think this is all that need be said, and that the public will thereupon acquiesce in their fatalistic reasoning, and accept as purely inevitable the slaughter of last Tuesday week.

Their friends in the press are, however, quite aware that this is not the inference likely to be generally drawn. They

know that the public expects to be protected when the streets are overcrowded, as well as when they are in their normal condition. Conceding, therefore, that the City force is and must be too small to meet the call which great occasions make upon its strength, these writers urge that it is unnecessary to merge it in the metropolitan body, since their assistance can always be obtained when it is wanted. Why then was it not obtained on the 7th and 10th of the month? Or, rather, why were the offers made by Sir R. Mayne refused? Because, we are told, the Lord Mayor and Corporation were so irritated at the treatment they had received from Sir George Grey, that they determined to stand on their dignity and have no interlopers within their boundaries. If they were not allowed to go to Paddington, the metropolitan police should not come into the City. Some absurd notion of this kind must have prompted their conduct, or they would not have rejected assistance which they accepted under much less trying circumstances,—when the Emperor Napoleon visited Guildhall. But can anything show more strongly how inexpedient it is to leave the order and peace of any part of London at the mercy of men who are thus influenced by pique and vanity? We cannot consent to soothe by human sacrifices the wounded self-love even of a Lord Mayor. After our remonstrances with the King of Dahomey, consistency will not permit us to connive at the City potentate having a “grand custom” of his own, every time that his municipal territory is illuminated. It is time to deprive of power those who have shown that they exercise it without any due sense of responsibility. Apart, indeed, from this, it is most desirable, on general grounds, that the police of the whole metropolis should be under one and the same head. The existence of a small separate jurisdiction in the very midst of the large district over which Sir R. Mayne rules, must necessarily cause embarrassment and delay in the every-day work of the police. The action of two bodies under distinct heads cannot be so well combined or so prompt as that of one force under a single chief. And, as we have already pointed out, it is only by dealing with the metropolitan force as a whole that it is possible to concentrate on a particular district the strength requisite to meet unusual pressure. We are, however, told that although practical convenience would be served by this amalgamation, it is not to be thought of, because it would be a measure of centralization—would in some way or other strike a blow at the sacred principle of local self-government. This seems to us a singularly pedantic objection. What principle is saved by keeping the police of one-twentieth part of the metropolis under a head appointed by an elective body, when a Government functionary rules over that of the other nineteen-twentieths? The theoretical gain, if there be any, is certainly not sufficient to compensate for the practical disadvantage. Besides, it is quite possible to push local self-government too far. It is all very well that a parish should manage its purely parochial affairs; and we do not grudge the City the control of those matters which exclusively concern itself. But in the preservation of peace and the protection of life in the City, every inhabitant of the metropolis is interested; and we may, therefore, refuse to leave these entirely to the discretion of men who have shown that confidence reposed in them is peculiarly ill-placed. The day may perhaps come when London, united in one grand municipality, may see her whole police force under the direction of her elected representatives. But we cannot afford to wait until then for the abolition of the anomalous jurisdiction now exercised by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London. It has proved itself a nuisance and an obstruction. Its maintenance serves no purpose except to gratify the pride of aldermen and common councillors,—a whistle for which we have already paid far too dearly.

#### THE DEBATE ON GREECE.

THE discussion this week on the policy of the Government with respect to the vacant throne of Greece was a striking illustration of some of the advantages enjoyed by her Majesty's Opposition for the time being. The loaves and fishes of office are, no doubt, chief among the desires of ambitious politicians, but the shady side of the House has also its pleasures, which they must leave behind when they cross the floor to the Treasury Bench. Revenge is proverbially sweet, and so is the self-complacent criticism of our rival's failures. To express the loftiest sentiments amid the



cheers of your party, without the fear of receiving on the morrow a demand for explanations from the indignant representative of a great Power, and of creating a panic on every exchange in Europe,—to pour forth a flood of inspired prophecy after the events predicted,—to condemn the conduct of a government out of the mouth of its own results, without feeling called upon to indicate a different line of conduct which might have averted those and even worse results,—to move and set in order of battle the docile army of propositions furnished by “might, could, would, and should,” when your opponent has nought but the comparatively scanty and stubborn array of accomplished facts,—surely these must be keen delights to men not gifted with more than an average share of forbearance and magnanimity.

Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is better; and so, though argument and eloquence are useful things in politics, they are a mere feather in the balance when weighed in the opposite scale to success. And on Monday night the Government were placed in a disadvantageous position for meeting a discussion on the affairs of Greece, by their hitherto unsuccessful efforts to find an occupant for the undesirable throne of that ill-fated country. For this service they have morally bound themselves to the Greeks; but, as yet, their overtures to one prince after another have been rejected, and the well-wishers of Greece are beginning to fear that discord and anarchy may at length grow out of the long interregnum. For whatever is now amiss in the state of Greece, and for whatever mischief may there be brewing, the English Government, say the Opposition, are responsible; but, for our own part, as we have applauded the conduct of the Government from first to last, so now, notwithstanding their partial failure hitherto, we are still of opinion that they could not wisely have acted otherwise than they have done.

Though Mr. Gregory and others did their best to lead the debate far away from the point, the real gist of the charge made against the Government was, as Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald observed, very simple and narrow. It amounted to this, that after Lord Russell had explicitly told the Greeks that they could not have for their king a Prince connected with the Royal or Imperial family of either of the three Powers, he suddenly altered his tone, and instructed his agents to hold such language as gave the Greeks hopes of obtaining Prince Alfred for their king. This charge was evaded, rather than denied, both by Mr. Layard and Lord Palmerston; and it would be difficult for any candid mind to read the published correspondence without seeing that Lord Russell and Mr. Scarlett, after a time, ceased to tell the Greeks that Prince Alfred could not be allowed to accept their crown. Surely, then, it would have been better and more manly in Lord Palmerston to avow the truth, that this was done to baffle the French and Russian Governments; for, so far are we from thinking with Mr. Fitzgerald that it was “a disingenuous and tricky policy,” we hold it to have been a perfectly fair manœuvre in diplomacy. The extraordinary popularity of Prince Alfred in Greece put in our hands a diplomatic weapon of irresistible might against the French and the Russians, and the Government would have been guilty of culpable negligence had they not turned it to the best account. There can be no question that the English Government were from the very first prepared to adhere loyally to the Protocol of 1830, and they expected a like fidelity to solemn engagements from the other two Powers; but when their suspicions were aroused, and they found the Russian Government in league with the French to violate the spirit, if not the letter of the protocol, by securing the throne of Greece for the Duke of Leuchtenberg, they at once drew back and put themselves in a posture of defence. “The long delay” (we quote Lord Russell’s despatch of December 3rd) “which took place, the doubtful language of Prince Gortchakoff when Lord Napier asked whether the Duke of Leuchtenberg belonged to the Imperial family, and other circumstances, gave rise to the suspicion that the intention of Russia has been all along, in the first place, to exclude Prince Alfred, and, in the second place, to support the Prince Romanoffsky as the choice of Greece; or, at all events, Prince Alfred being removed from the scene without any corresponding stipulation on the part of Russia, Prince Romanoffsky might then have been put forward with every chance of success.” Ample proofs of “the shuffling and evasion” with which Lord Palmerston charged the Russian Government are to be found in the correspondence. Mr. Fitzgerald had

no words of condemnation for the Cabinet of St. Petersburg; but could any subterfuge be more contemptible than Prince Gortchakoff’s “judicial” doubts about the exclusion of the Duke of Leuchtenberg by the terms of the protocol? For the Russian Minister must have known all along that the Duke of Leuchtenberg was not only the grandson of the Emperor Nicholas, but that he had been made a member of the Imperial family by a special ukase, and that his name was included in the official list for 1862 of the Imperial family of Russia. Well might Lord Russell drily say, “the judicial doubt raised by Prince Gortchakoff, and repeated by Count Bloudoff, seems at length to have been resolved by the unbought popularity of Prince Alfred, and the determination of the British Government that the protocol should not hold good for excluding an English Prince, and be deemed invalid for excluding a Russian.” It is easy to imagine the taunts and invectives of which the opposition would have been lavish, if Lord Russell had suffered the Duke of Leuchtenberg to escape through the meshes of a diplomatic net, which had caught Prince Alfred. But, says that strenuous and daring statesman, Lord John Manners, it was the duty of the Government to stop the election of Prince Alfred, and then, if the occasion arose, “to proclaim boldly and manfully that England would not accept or respect the election of Prince Romanoffsky.” This is all very well, now, for a would-be Cabinet Minister; but let us suppose that the English Government had suffered the exclusion of Prince Alfred without an express exclusion also of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and that the Russian Government, acting in concert with the French, had thereupon secured the election of the Duke of Leuchtenberg. We should then have been compelled to hurl remonstrance and menace in the teeth of the French and the Russians united; and supposing our opposition to the election of the Duke of Leuchtenberg had been successful, half Europe would have rung with denunciations of selfish and perfidious Albion, who had exposed the Greeks to the perils of anarchy by withholding from them the king of their choice, the man after their own heart. Whereas all these dangers were quietly put aside by the simple device of letting the Russians see that the Duke of Leuchtenberg was out of the field, so long as the Greeks had the faintest hope of inducing Prince Alfred to be their king.

It may, however, be said that this was shabby treatment of the Greeks, and that it was immoral to cheat them with false hopes for the purpose of checkmating a Russian intrigue, but for our own part we do not believe that practically the position of Greece has been made one whit the worse by the policy of England. There is not the smallest reason to suppose that the Greeks would have been deterred from electing Prince Alfred if an English agent had been posted at every polling-place to tell them that the Prince could not and would not accept their throne. They had set their hearts upon him, and they would think of none other. They made no disguise of the conviction that their steadfast will would triumph over diplomatic objections. “We know,” said the National Guard to Mr. Elliot, “that there is a certain protocol which places an obstacle in the way of the realization of our wishes, but our act is Divine, for it is called the voice of God—‘Vox populi vox Dei;’ and who is he among human beings who will assume the responsibility of gainsaying the voice of God? We will persist, then, till our prayers are granted.” No one, moreover, has yet ventured to complain, on behalf of the Greeks, that their chances of obtaining a king have been in any degree diminished by the fruitless election of Prince Alfred; and surely it is not for Englishmen to lament that an intelligent people, with a glorious past, have had an opportunity of marking their admiration both for constitutional government and the reigning dynasty of this country. Thus, a little diplomatic reticence did us a vast deal of good, while it did the Greeks no harm.

#### THE GAME LAWS.

THE House of Commons has maintained the reputation which it acquired last session, as a collection of determined game preservers. Smarting under the organized gangs of poachers, the senatorial sportsmen passed an Act by which the police have been converted into gamekeepers, and persons are practically obliged to account for being in possession of game. All inquiry into the facts which were supposed to justify this measure was denied—there was no evidence



except that of some constables upon which its introduction was justified. The country gentlemen and the rich manufacturing sportsmen were determined to have their own way, and they had it in spite of the opposition of the Government and in spite of the strong arguments against such a course.

It was very amiable of Mr. Forster to propose the appointment of a committee to inquire into the mode in which the Act had worked. But the victorious squires had no notion of surrendering what they had just won. Indeed, it was only with great difficulty and amidst the uproar of those around that even the Home Secretary could obtain a hearing. Mr. Forster was defeated; and although the defeat was inevitable, it serves to show the temper of the present House of Commons and the elements of which it is composed. That there were good grounds for inquiry, it is impossible to doubt. According to Sir George Grey, a large proportion of the crime of the country is connected with the Game Laws, and there is a great and continuous increase in that class of crime. The number of persons proceeded against before the magistrates during the year 1857 for trespassing in the daytime in the pursuit of game was 3,567, and for night poaching 1,883; in all, 5,534 summarily charged with offences against the Game Laws. In the year 1861, the last year for which the returns are complete, there were 8,563 persons summarily charged before the magistrates for this class of offences, of whom 7,007 were convicted. The number of game cases brought before the magistrates in 1862 was no less than 10,135. Thus in six years there has been an increase of from 5,534 to 10,135 cases before the magistrates; nor does this include the heavier class of cases under the Night Poaching Act which are sent to the assizes. Now one of the main grounds upon which the committee was granted in 1845, was the connection between the Game Laws and the general crime of the country. And if in six years this class of crime has actually doubled, the same reason applies now with redoubled force.

The truth is that no legislature has any moral right to declare any act to be criminal which is not regarded as criminal by the mass of the people. The only effect of such legislation can be to demoralize our workpeople and to convert tolerably honest men into blackguards. Surely poaching is not worse than adultery or seduction. The peace of families is not less worth preserving than pheasants and partridges. These violations of morality are civil wrongs to be punished by damages in a civil action. But there is neither any rule of law nor any Act of Parliament which punishes them as crimes. On the contrary, they neither incapacitate a man from a seat in Parliament, from a place at the Board of Admiralty, or from filling some of the highest offices of the State. Even if the House of Commons were filled with immaculate angels, it would be unwise to alter the nature of such social offences, because the members of society would not sympathise with the severity of the law. If Parliament were filled with men who really cared for the labouring classes, or with labouring men themselves, the law of last session would never have been passed, because they would never have been brought to regard poaching as a crime. And the only reason why these laws are now maintained, is because the majority of the House of Commons are, in this case, bent upon gratifying their own selfish wishes, and care little for the welfare of their fellow-citizens in the lower ranks of society. Not only is the present Game Law too severe for the general sense of the public, but it does not accomplish its purpose. The real cause of the enormous increase in the number of poaching charges and of poaching gangs is to be found in *over-preserving*. In some counties there is none of that lawless spirit of cupidity which, as in Cheshire especially, induces great gangs to sally out armed at night in order to take game. How is this? Is it that in the counties where crime is rife there is an excess of game-preserving, whilst in those counties in which it is not so, game is preserved only to a moderate extent? However this be, the result of this inquiry would throw considerable light upon the policy of maintaining or extending the Game Laws.

Some men, struck by the admission that game is not property, and yet that attempts are continually made to protect it as property, insist that until this anomaly is got rid of the Game Law must be unsatisfactory. It is argued that pheasants and hares which are reared and fed upon a man's land are just as much his property as his fowls and dogs, and that the person who steals the one sort of pro-

perty ought to be punished just as a man who steals the other sort. It is true that game has never been looked upon in this light; but then it is answered that game has never been considered of so much value. Perhaps, say the senatorial sportsmen, there is a difficulty about identifying a pheasant or a partridge which has been bred on a particular estate; but then they reply there is the same difficulty in identifying sovereigns and bank-notes. Nevertheless, it is obvious enough that the difficulty of identification is almost conclusive against the idea of making game property. Game is not like sheep or domestic fowls, or even money, because it has never been reduced into possession. If the man upon whose property a pheasant is bred is to possess a permanent property in that pheasant, it would become necessary in every poaching case to show where the bird was hatched. This, as it seems to us, would be practically impossible; and the difficulty of furnishing strict legal proof would compel magistrates and juries to stretch a point against the poacher. On the other hand, if the person upon whose land the pheasant is found is to have a special property in the bird, then there is no reason for any change in the old law.

The ground upon which a property in game is claimed is because of the trouble and expense to which land-owners have been put in rearing and feeding the game. But if the property is to be vested in those upon whose land the game is found, and not upon the land where it was reared, it is clear that the whole argument in favour of having a property in game must be abandoned. Nor is this all. Even if game were like money or cattle in its nature, it ought not to be protected at the public expense more than other commodities. If any man chose to strew Pall Mall with sovereigns, or if Messrs. Garrard or Hunt & Roskell were to allow their stores of jewels to remain open all night, Sir Richard Mayne would be perfectly justified in refusing to increase the number of his police officers, in shutting up the shops in question, and in carrying the distributor of sovereigns to a lunatic asylum. Proprietors must co-operate with the governing powers in protecting their property. And those who expose goods of enormous value, and thus excite the cupidity of their neighbours, must be allowed to do it at their own risk, and not, as is the case under the new Poaching Act, at the expense of the public.

#### OBSTINATE BELLIGERENTS.

WAR is a course of action which, *primâ facie*, requires an apology. Any war needs for its justification a definite object, and a reasonable prospect of success. A great war, a sanguinary war, a war on a gigantic scale, needs for its justification not only a well-defined but an attainable aim, not only a great purpose but a righteous one,—an object adequate in its magnitude, its desirableness, and its defensibility, to the blood that is shed, the treasure that is wasted, the suffering that is inflicted, the wealth that is destroyed, and the demoralization that is entailed. The original cause of the war may have been just, but the war may still be criminal if the bone of contention be very small, and the cost in men and money be very great. The object of the combatants may be of vast importance, and well worth a struggle; but nevertheless, if success be hopeless, the guilt of those who continue the struggle becomes manifest and heavy. Now, tried by any or by all of these principles, the persistence of the North in their endeavours to subjugate the South is clearly indefensible and wrong.

We may readily concede that at the outset the Federalists were justified, from their own point of view, in saying, "The dissolution of the Union is so great an evil, and so terrible a blow to the greatness of our country, that we prefer trying all the hazards of a civil conflict to tamely accepting such a catastrophe." We do not agree with them; but they might well think this honestly, and were therefore warrantable in acting accordingly. But having tried and failed—having found the task incomparably more difficult than they anticipated—having fought for two years, and raised two armies, and yet made no approach to the desiderated aim—the very grounds of their argument are cut from under them, and their obstinacy stands self-condemned. For not only has the preservation or restoration of the Union become, month by month, more utterly and obviously impossible, but the war itself has proved a greater blow to the grandeur, and a more complete sap to the strength of the country, than the dissolution itself could be. It becomes clearer and clearer that the subjugation of



the South—even if any politician capable of weighing means, and facts, and chances, deemed it within the limits of sane anticipation—would not restore the Union, in any sense or shape in which such Union could be a source of either power or grandeur, since the intense animosity felt by the Secessionists to their foes, and now pretty well reciprocated by the Federalists, would render them far more formidable enemies, far more fatal elements, if re-incorporated, than if independent and outside. It would not be easy to picture to ourselves the degree of weakness for external action and of disturbance, suspicion, and danger within, to which the United States would be reduced, if the result of the war were so far favourable to the North as to impose upon that section the task of permanently keeping down, under Republican or quasi-Republican institutions, eight millions of fierce, exasperated, humiliated fellow-citizens, rendered still more ferocious and despairing by the disorganization of their daily life and industry which must follow upon the forcible and (so to speak) *penal* emancipation of their negro labouring class. The war, therefore, being no longer waged for an object which is at once distinct and attainable, has become a crime on the part of those with whom the question of its continuance or cessation rests.

Again. At the commencement of the conflict and before as yet any actual blow had been struck, all the most able and eminent statesmen of the Republic took a very clear and unassailable position. They avowed that, according to the fundamental principles on which the Governments of America were framed, if the people of the Seceding States really and unanimously, or by a considerable and indisputable majority, wished to leave the Union, the other States had neither the power nor the right to retain them by force; and that it would be at once suicidal, hopeless, and unjust to attempt it. This was the language, as we well remember, and as Mr. Russell's "Diary" has lately recalled to the world, of Mr. Seward, as well as of every other leading politician of the least weight and reputation. But they declared, at the same time, that they were satisfied that the majority in the South were in favour of remaining in the Union; that this party were coerced by a tyrannical and overbearing minority who had got the reins of Government into their own hands, and prevented any free or fair expression of public opinion. It was to liberate this silenced and cowed majority, to give this fancied section the means and the opportunity of speaking out, of organizing themselves, of asserting their freedom and their views, that the war was professedly commenced. "You will see," was the cry, "that as soon as our fleets and armies penetrate into the Southern States, all these loyal citizens will flock to our standard, repeal the Secession ordinances, and dissolve and disperse all these pseudo-Congresses and illegal Conventions, and the Union will be at once restored." Well, the experiment has been tried, and no one pretends now to doubt the result. There is *no* Union party in the South, and only a very modified one even in the Border States. The few, or the many, who, before Mr. Lincoln's warlike proclamation and first levy of 75,000 men, were opposed to Secession, soon disappeared, or became as vehement Secessionists as Jefferson Davis or Mr. Benjamin; and each succeeding month and every fresh opportunity of expression has brought to light a degree of unanimity of hatred and determination such as has scarcely been paralleled, except when Prussia rose against Napoleon, or when France, in 1792, conceived herself menaced with invasion by the Continental despots. On the very principles and showing of these Federal statesmen, therefore, they ought to abandon the war as no longer justifiable on any plea whatever; for the moment it ceased to be an attempt to enable the suppressed Unionists of the South to show their strength and avow their sentiments, it became an endeavour to suppress and enslave the Secessionist majority. No one now doubts that if the South were polled by the freest and most honest ballot, the result would show an almost or altogether unanimous vote in favour of total separation and independence; and no Federal politician dares to put the question on that issue. They are fighting, therefore, not to free the coerced Unionists, but to coerce the unanimous and ardent Secessionists; and there is no *American* doctrine on which such a fight can be defended. But those who saw clearly and justly in 1861 have become blinded by their exasperated passions in 1863, and have forgotten their old position.

The South, then, it is now almost universally admitted, cannot be forced back into the Union, and would be useless

and worse than useless, if it could; a source of weakness, not an element of strength. The object, therefore, which in a certain sense warranted the war at first—or, at least, made the attempt worth while—cannot now be put forth as the justification for its continuance. But there is more than this. It is becoming abundantly evident that those very interests of the Union, which dictated, or were supposed to dictate, the war at first, now as peremptorily forbid its longer prolongation. Many Americans defended their resolution to bring back their "wayward sisters" by compulsion, on the plea that if they were suffered to go, others would follow the example, and that the first secession would not be the last. They fought to prevent the *further* disintegration of the Union—or, at least, they said they did, and the plea was admitted to be a strong and plausible one. But it now appears—and each successive mail seems to make it plainer—that the continuance of the war, the methods by which it is being carried on, the policy which it is developing, and the measures to which its exigencies compel the Federal Government to have recourse, are fast preparing that further disintegration, that second secession, which were so much feared. The Border States, though originally they desired the preservation of the Union, have, as we well know, far stronger sympathies with the South than with the North. Slavery, and the character which that institution develops, make them far more in harmony with the Confederates than with the Federals; and it is becoming probable that as soon as they are free to choose, their hesitation will not be as to which party they should join, but whether they will join either, and whether they had not better form a distinct confederacy of their own. The South-Western States, moreover, have given some warning intimations that they have elements and ideas of secession fermenting within them, and Illinois and Ohio in particular are little disposed to submit to the dictation of New England and New York, or to permit their interests to be trampled under foot or their citizens to be sacrificed in order to carry out the plans and crotchets of a party Government at Washington. They dislike slavery, and they insist upon the free and equal navigation of their great common artery; but they are not fanatical abolitionists like the men of Maine and Massachusetts, and they are weary of the bloodshed and disorganization consequent on a series of fruitless and bungling campaigns. If the war were to terminate now, there might be formed two powerful nations on the American Continent, each of which would have a grand future open before it. If the war continues much longer, it may well end in the creation of three or four confederacies—of which that of the New England States will assuredly not be the most populous, the most fertile, nor the most powerful. They should consider this very probable contingency in time.

#### THE POSITION AND PROSPECTS OF VOLUNTEERING.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS'S new Volunteer Act will soon be in the hands of the House of Commons, and the time is favourable for taking stock of the position and probable future of the Volunteer force, who by this Act are to be put on a more defined and regular basis, and are to be acknowledged as a permanent institution of the country. Originating in a moment of panic, and looked upon at first as a temporary resource, the system is now seen to be thoroughly suited to the genius of the nation, and all are agreed that it must be kept on foot were it only for the purpose of preventing panic for the future. Indeed, the Volunteers may be considered as a luxury which we have got accustomed to; and just as Sam Slick found that, wherever he left one of his clocks for a month on trial, it became a necessary of life, and was sure to be paid for when he called for it at the end of that time; so now "human nature" requires that we should pay what forfeit may be necessary in order not to lose our "third line of defence." Already the nation has been drawn on some way in this direction. First ten per cent. of the rifles, then all the rifles,—then ammunition, adjutants, drill instructors, have been given by the War Office. But still the Volunteer corps, like a legion of Oliver Twists, opened their mouths, and asked for more; till the Volunteer Commission was appointed to decide in effect the question, for how much the fee simple of the Volunteers might be bought; at what price the Government might hope to keep up their numbers at the present point, so as to increase the efficiency and not



to interfere with the general character of the force. Of the witnesses examined nearly all earnestly asked for further aid, for pecuniary aid; and all persons, Commission, witnesses, and public, are quite agreed that finality should be the object aimed at; that a settlement should be made, once for all, of the claims of the Volunteers; that they should be admitted into the Estimates on a recognized system, and that no hope should be held out to them of getting anything more.

That the Volunteers do require further aid may be taken as admitted. The captain of a corps in the rich suburban district about Harrow, and one commander of a country corps in Sussex, whose affairs seem to have been managed with unusual judgment and economy, told the Commission that they could do without it. But these are exceptional cases; and if such corps as these will not be the better for the aid proposed, they will scarcely be the worse for it. On the other hand, the evidence was overwhelming to show that, without aid, especially in clothing, very great efforts would be necessary everywhere to keep the force at all on its present footing, and that many of its most valuable portions, as for instance the artisan corps of Glasgow and other places, must infallibly fall to pieces. The country has scarcely a right to call on Volunteer officers for such efforts as in some places they are making, for what is, after all, a national purpose, even if it were likely that such efforts could continue. In one great English town, it is said, the method of obtaining new uniforms is as follows. The Volunteer, when he finds his uniform getting shabby, absents himself from drill. On remonstrance from his captain, he informs him that he regrets his inability to attend, but that his uniform is not fit to appear in; upon which the captain writes back to say that if the Volunteer will call at a certain tailor's, he will be measured and supplied with a new uniform, of course at the captain's expense. This state of things is scarcely desirable, and must soon end. On the other hand, the proposed extra vote of £200,000 for Volunteers, a mere drop in the ocean of the army estimates, will relieve many zealous supporters of the movement, and will be felt as a burden by nobody.

There seems little reason to doubt that the form of aid proposed, that of a capitation grant, to be applied to certain purposes by the commanding officer at his discretion, will prove the best form which could have been adopted. This system, applied by Government to schools with success, has nevertheless found strong objectors in the case of the Volunteers. Yet the cases are very nearly parallel. If a school produces a certain number of boys trained in a certain way, each boy having attended so many times, and can satisfy a Government inspector, you give so much public money in aid of the school, calculated upon the number of boys trained. By a complete analogy, if a Volunteer corps can muster a certain number of men trained as per regulation, with so many attendances each, and who satisfy a Government inspector, you may fairly give it a sum of money calculated upon the number of Volunteers trained. The principle is precisely the same,—aid to voluntary effort in a matter in which the State is interested, and payment by results. The confusion has arisen from mixing up the idea of payment of £1 per head to the managers and supporters of Volunteer corps for each man drilled, with payment of £1 per head to each man drilled. This is what no one has for a moment thought of proposing. But even this, at which we all hold up our hands in horror now, is no more than is contemplated by the old Volunteer Act, under which the present Volunteers are raised; and the Volunteers of the war against Napoleon were regularly paid as soldiers are, whenever they assembled for drill and training. Moreover, the existing Act gave exemption from the hair-powder tax, then a real exemption from a tax of over £1 a year certainly to many, and probably to all Volunteers; and exemption from the Militia ballot, then an important privilege, now a dead letter. The only public privilege the modern Volunteer enjoys is that of passing a toll-gate when in uniform for nothing. Besides these exemptions, and their pay when called out, it appears from a War Office return appended to the Blue-book, that the old Volunteers received a free outfit, a clothing allowance of £1 per man every three years, and 6s. 8d. per head per annum for repair of arms; and that their average cost per man per annum was £4, exclusive of arms and ammunition.

In view of these advantages enjoyed by the old Volunteers, some of the witnesses before the Commission suggested that

some really valuable exemptions should be extended to the Volunteers of the present day; that the horse-tax or the dog-tax at his option should be remitted to an effective Volunteer, and even that he should be exempted from serving on juries. We may even hear, if Mr. Walpole should be again at the Home Office, that it is proposed to confer the elective franchise upon the Volunteers. They certainly are fitter for it as a class than the Militia. It is not, of course, probable that Parliament really will grant any new exemption to the Volunteers, because there is now no tax which belongs to and affects volunteering as the hair-powder tax would have affected the old Volunteers whenever they dressed for parade, and as the horse-tax would affect the Yeomanry.

On the whole, the recommendations are wise, and it is to be hoped the Act may pretty closely follow them. But there are points on which much caution will be required, especially in dealing with the constitution of administrative battalions. These are a necessary innovation of the War Office in the last few years, and are not contemplated by the old Act. Colonel M'Murdo, indeed, in his evidence before the Commissioners, treats them as entirely provisional, and holds that in case of invasion almost every one of the corps composing them would become the nucleus of a separate battalion. But whether this be probable or not, it is very desirable that their present organization should be made as efficient as possible; and we hope the Government will deal satisfactorily with this knotty point of the modern Volunteer question.

But are the Volunteers worth all this expenditure? Adam Smith somewhere says that for a people to be untrained to arms is as disgraceful as for a man to be effeminate or emasculate. And surely in modern, as in ancient times, it may well be thought the duty of the State to promote the physical as well as the moral training of its inhabitants. It is no small thing to have, in case of invasion, 160,000 men well-armed, tolerably trained, subject to martial law, and organised in companies and battalions. But whatever would be the worth of the Volunteers if called on to face an enemy, at least they have given confidence, prevented panic, taken away our reproach as a shop-keeping nation, utilized in some degree for warlike purposes those sturdy and laborious classes whom, otherwise, nothing but the conscription or the Militia ballot could ever have touched. Rifle shooting steadily extends and improves. We have, and as long as volunteering continues we are sure to have, the best rifles, rifle instructors, and shots in the world; and our schools of musketry have been raised from mere army into national institutions. We have lately seen what the Volunteers are as part of a great national pageant or festivity. Again, the effect of volunteering upon the habits of all classes has been excellent: a sergeant in the London Scottish, himself a jobbing workman, actually declared, in his evidence before the Commission, that he considers "that a man who is a Volunteer is worth, in money value, 3s. a week more to a jobbing master than a man who is not." The proportion of town to country population every day grows larger; and if the Volunteer movement can be consolidated by Government help, the town corps, admitted to be the most valuable, should year by year steadily increase. Every great centre of population, where wealth most tempts invasion, would have its own citizen army, which, if invasion threatened, could meet and train in brigades and divisions without deserting their usual occupations. Bristol, Liverpool, Brighton, London, can concentrate with ease their 5,000, 10,000, 15,000, or 20,000 men; and what is done now for purposes of mere amusement and holiday making, is but a small measure of what would surely be accomplished, if patriotism called for it and the country really needed it.

#### THE REVIEWERS REVIEWED.

OUR highly-instructed contemporary, the *Saturday Review*, after having devoted no less than four elaborate articles to the unqualified glorification of Mr. Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War," has now undertaken the difficult task of keeping that gentleman's reviewers in order. In what might fairly be supposed, from the nature of the authorities quoted in it, to be a *communiqué* from the historian himself, the *Saturday Review* attempted last week to meet a portion of the numerous objections which have been urged against the prejudiced and passionate gossip upon which Mr. Kinglake has founded many of his most telling slanders; and it has announced the probability that, in future numbers, further



efforts will be made by it in the same direction. In a word, the *Saturday Review* has constituted itself Mr. Kinglake's official organ.

We are pleased to see that our highly-instructed contemporary has not accepted this onerous appointment without serious misgivings. He cautiously withdraws the entire confidence and admiration which he had previously expressed in the accuracy of Mr. Kinglake's facts, and in the justice and moderation of his sentiments, and now warns the public that henceforward he by no means pledges himself to all the details, much less to all the expressions of opinion which the History contains. All that he purposes to attempt is modestly to show that, "in having accepted Mr. Kinglake's book as history, he has not been as credulous or as precipitate as some of his contemporaries would make him out to have been." But an arrangement of this kind has its defects as well as its obvious advantages. If the *Saturday Review* is to be Mr. Kinglake's official organ for the future, its writers must unquestionably have free access to the reserved authorities upon which any disputed statements are supposed to be founded, otherwise it can hardly do effective battle in its client's behalf. Now, we will undertake to say that few persons can have read the preface prefixed to the History of the War without entertaining strong doubts whether Lord Raglan's representatives are justified in having handed over that nobleman's private and confidential papers, as they are stated to have done, to an extraordinarily violent partizan, to be utilized as his indiscretion or his passions may dictate. Mr. Kinglake tells us that the papers thus placed at his mercy comprise "not only all the military reports which were from time to time addressed to the Commander of the English army by the generals and other officers serving under him (including the holograph assertions of the part they had taken in the battles), but also Lord Raglan's official and private correspondence with sovereigns and their ambassadors, with ministers, generals, and admirals; with the French, with the Turks, with the Sardinians; with public men, and official functionaries of all sorts and conditions; with adventurers, with men propounding wild schemes, with dear and faithful friends." The entire secrets of the campaign appear to have been thus laid open to Mr. Kinglake, from "the strategic plans of the much contriving Emperor, still carrying the odour of the Havannahs which aid the ingenuity of the Tuileries," to "the rival schemes of the enthusiastic nosologist who advised that the Russians should be destroyed by the action of malaria; the elaborate proposal of the English general who submitted a plan for taking Sebastopol with bows and arrows; the hurried scrawls of commanders writing to their chief under deep emotion." In our humble opinion, the only party to whom this mass of most secret and strictly confidential matter ought with propriety to have been confided was the Government by whom Lord Raglan had been employed. It is clear that any subsequent misuse or abuse of such delicate materials might seriously discredit and embroil this country with her allies; might stamp with undeserved infamy the memory of the gallant dead; or might blight the professional reputation, or ruin the private characters of living men. Nevertheless, we are told that Lord Raglan's representatives have thought fit to hand over all these papers to Mr. Kinglake to deal with as he thinks fit, laying no restrictions upon him of any kind. The trust is indeed an important one; and one which should be scrupulously and delicately discharged. Documents such as those in Mr. Kinglake's possession ought to be carefully guarded and conscientiously handled; they ought neither to be hawked about the clubs and coteries of London by garrulous and over-officious quidnuncs, nor ought they, as we fear they have been, to be placed at the disposal of even such discreet and amiable commentators as the practitioners of the *Saturday Review*.

We say this, because we find, in last week's impression of that paper, a passage quoted from a private letter of Lord Raglan, which has not yet been given to the public, and which we therefore conclude forms a portion of the secret and confidential papers entrusted by Lady Raglan to Mr. Kinglake, and to Mr. Kinglake alone. If the letter in question was a letter fit to be published at all, it ought surely to have appeared un mutilated in Mr. Kinglake's work; and we cannot but consider it somewhat indecent, that papers handed to that gentleman for serious historical purposes, should, with his sanction, thus be doled out to the public piecemeal by professional controversialists. If Mr. Kinglake is himself the author of the article in question, our strictures are of course at once deprived of their point; but until we have positive evidence of that fact, we shall prefer supposing that it has emanated from the incapable pen of some indiscreet friend.

The disputed points to which the Reviewer, whoever he may be, has chiefly adverted, are—the alleged misplacement of the buoy by

the French, and the imputations on the French Emperor's personal courage, in which Mr. Kinglake is asserted to have indulged.

The Reviewer considers that he triumphantly establishes the fraudulent misplacement of the buoy, by citing an isolated paragraph from an unpublished letter of Lord Raglan, which seems to state that when the *Agamemnon* came upon the buoy at daylight, Lord Lyons "found that the French naval officer had deposited it at the extreme northern end of the beach, and had thus engrossed the whole of the bay for the operations of the French army."

The Reviewer does not pretend to consider this testimony as conclusive, inasmuch as it was not Lord Lyons, but his flag-captain—Mends—who had been entrusted with the practical arrangement of the disembarkation, and who knew exactly where the buoy ought to have been placed. But he conceives it to be of sufficient importance to entitle him to crow with considerable shrillness over the *Times* and other critics, who have pooh-poohed Mr. Kinglake's absurd hypothesis, that the trick was designedly played by the French, in order to bring the expedition, of which they disapproved, to a premature and disastrous end. "When Captain Mends comes forward," says the Reviewer, "we shall know the truth."

Well, it happens, curiously enough, that Captain Mends has come forward, and has had his say on this point at considerable length, although neither Mr. Kinglake nor his exponent in the *Saturday Review* appears to be aware of the fact. In the *Journal of the Operations conducted by the Corps of Royal Engineers, published in 1859, by order of the Secretary of State for War*, Vol. i., p. 264, is to be found a report of the landing of the English army, by Captain Mends, "the officer who designed and had the charge of the arrangements for the disembarkation of the troops." Captain Mends gives a detailed account of these arrangements, accompanied by numerous carefully prepared diagrams, and states that the operations were accomplished with the most perfect order and success, and with no other *contretemps* than what was occasioned by heavy weather:—

"On the morning of the 14th," writes Captain Mends, "the *Agamemnon*, *Sanspareil*, and *Spitfire*, steam tug-boats and transports, anchored at 6.50 a.m., abreast of the strip of beach which separates lake Kamishly from the sea, known on the charts as Old Fort, as did the French and Turkish fleets about the same time a little further south. Owing to the circumstance of no enemy appearing to oppose the landing of the troops, the original arrangements were, to a considerable extent, departed from. The French, on discovering the absence of an enemy, commenced disembarking their troops at 7 a.m., before the British ships of war, excepting those named above, and some few of the transports, had taken up their appointed stations. Lord Raglan (who by this time had come on board the *Agamemnon* from the *Caradoc*), Sir Edmund Lyons, and Sir George Brown, after a short deliberation, decided that the signal should be made to land," &c. &c.

A little further on Captain Mends says:—"The disembarkation occupied four days. Our allies, the French, having commenced landing before we did, and having a smaller number of men and no cavalry, completed the operation before us. On the evening of the 16th a French steamer towed alongside the *Agamemnon* six *chalandes*, placing them at our disposal in case we needed them; an act of courtesy that was duly acknowledged." And this is positively all that Captain Mends says in his report as to the conduct or misconduct of the French during the disembarkation of the armies at Old Fort. It is very singular that Mr. Kinglake should not have come across Captain Mends' report during the nine years which he has employed in collecting materials for his history; if he had, it is presumable that we should have heard nothing of this "profoundly designed scheme of the French to bring the enterprise to a premature conclusion by displacing the buoy, and thus criminally creating a scene of ruinous confusion, which would have mixed up our troops with the French, and have ended in angry and violent conflict between the forces of the Allies." Nor would there, in that case, have been any occasion to tell us that "Lyons, moving before dawn in the sleepless *Agamemnon*, saw where the buoy had been placed by the French in the night-time, and gathered in an instant the perilous import of the change. He was more than a mere performer of duty, for he was a man driving under a passionate force of purpose." Therefore, seeing an equally good beach to land upon a few hundred yards lower down, this wonderful man is stated by Mr. Kinglake to have actually landed the English troops upon it, and thus to have saved our army, and baffled the sinister machinations of our infamous allies! And this he is said to have done so quietly and secretly, that even Captain Mends—upon whom all the arrangements of the disembarkation devolved, and who subsequently made the detailed report from which we have quoted—never knew anything about the perils



which the expedition had thus escaped, until Mr. Kinglake's book was published a few weeks ago!

The other point on which Mr. Kinglake has been arraigned before the bar of public opinion is the ignoble charge of personal cowardice which he has, not directly made, but persistently insinuated, against the Emperor of the French. The Reviewer flatly denies that Mr. Kinglake has ever made any such charge, and quotes a passage from the History, which we admit contains no charge of the kind. But this sort of defence is but a poor imitation of that made by the Irish prisoner, who considered that he had satisfactorily rebutted the evidence of two credible witnesses who had seen him commit a murder, by producing four other equally credible witnesses who were ready to swear that they had not seen him commit it. When a writer states that a General at the head of an army turns green when exposed to personal danger, and becomes incapable of giving either coherent or useful orders, we conceive that we may affirm, without fear of contradiction, that that writer has accused the General of personal cowardice. And this Mr. Kinglake has said of the French Emperor. The Reviewer, having energetically denied that Mr. Kinglake has accused Louis Napoleon of poltroonery at all, simply enough adds that he has evidence to adduce in support of what Mr. Kinglake has not said of him, viz., that he is a poltroon. And his evidence turns out to be that of one Kirwan, a barrister, who deposes that he was at Boulogne in 1840, when the Emperor landed there, and that he was there acquainted with a market-woman, of Bonapartist principles, who was in the habit of affirming that Napoleon was *un poltron*, and *un faux brave*, and who professed to be greatly scandalized at his appearance because he had the colour and complexion "*d'une feuille morte*." The Saturday Reviewer considers "that this expression exactly confirms one of Mr. Kinglake's most graphic touches, the accuracy of which has been especially called in question."

Now, if Mr. Kinglake, as the Reviewer declares, has brought no charge of poltroonery against the French Emperor, we cannot for the life of us perceive what this rigmarole story about an Irish barrister's acquaintance with a French *poissarde* of Bonapartist principles, who was in the habit of calling Louis Napoleon scurrilous names, has to do with the argument; nor do we see that the fact of a Mr. Kirwan, an entirely obscure and unknown person, having given permission to the Reviewer to mention an absurd piece of worthless gossip, and to give his name, enhances anything but the ridicule which ought to attach itself to an historian who is so gullible as to mistake such rotten chaff for good grain.

Mr. Kinglake has thought fit to question the truth of the description given by the *Moniteur* of the personal danger to which the French Emperor was exposed at Solferino, on the ground that but one of his staff and escort was wounded on that occasion. He states that "all these horsemen covered altogether a good deal of ground, ground as broad and long as many a whole street; and if they had really intruded themselves into any part of the field where there was what might be called 'fighting,' then, humanly speaking, they must have undergone dreadful carnage. It so happened, however, that of all this acreage of horsemen, not one was killed, and but one wounded." The Reviewer, on what authority we know not, states the exact number of the Emperor's staff and escort at Solferino to have been 250. Assuming the statement to be exact, we must remark that if either Mr. Kinglake or his exponent had been military men, they would have known that 250 horsemen do not cover ground as broad and as long as many a whole street, and that the entire acreage which they would have covered would have been something less than a quarter of an acre. They would have known, too, that a General taking his staff with him under fire for purposes of observation or example, would certainly not expose his escort also if he could avoid doing so; and they may ascertain, if they like to inquire, that Lord Raglan at Inkermann did not suffer the two troops of Hussars who formed his body-guard to accompany him to the front, where they could only have served to draw down upon him and his staff the attention of the enemy's gunners and riflemen. And we repeat that a reference to pp. 204-5-6 of the second volume of the History will show, that as far as the historian himself and Lord Raglan and his horse "Shadrach" were concerned, Mr. Kinglake considers it quite possible for both man and beast to be subjected to a fiery furnace of the most intense temperature for a very considerable time, and yet to emerge from it unsinged. Indeed, we consider those three pages to be the most graphic and thrilling portion of the whole book. We read in them of Russian gunners making admirable practice both with round shot and shell, the latter bursting "a little above the white plumes of Lord Raglan and his staff," so judiciously were their fuses cut.

"This method," says Mr. Kinglake, "was tried so industriously, and with so much skill, that a few feet over the heads of Lord Raglan and those around him there was kept up for a long time an almost constant bursting of shells. Sometimes the missiles came singly, and sometimes in so thick a flight that several would be exploding nearly at the same moment, or briskly one after the other, right and left, and all around. The fragments of the shells when they burst tore their shrill way down from above harshly sawing the air; and when the novice heard the rush of the shattered missile along his right ear, and then along his left, and imagined that he felt the wind of another fragment of shell come rasping the cloth on his shoulder almost at the same moment, it seemed to him hardly possible that the iron shower would leave one of the group untouched."

Now, supposing that the *Moniteur* had written all this of the Emperor of the French at Magenta and Solferino, and had added, what Mr. Kinglake is unluckily obliged to add, that "none of the staff were wounded at this time;" what merciless fun the historian of the Crimean War, and his exponents in the *Saturday Review*, would have made of that much bespattered monarch—what withering gibes he would have hurled at the impudent mendacity of the Men of December, bold only on the boulevards of Paris against peaceful citizens, cravens of the greenest hue when opposed to armed foes in real battle?

The odd grievance with which the Reviewer concludes his article possesses one merit,—that of originality. He complains that all the distinguished men whose reputations have been assailed by himself and his *protégé* perversely persist in maintaining a contemptuous silence, and utterly decline entering into a paper war with either of them. He asks whether this is creditable or fair conduct towards Mr. Kinglake and himself. "Why," exclaims he, "does not Sir George Brown write to the papers, and conclusively contradict what we have said of him? Why do not the surviving members of Lord Aberdeen's slumbering Cabinet plead before the tribunal at which we have arraigned them? Even Captain Mends cannot be provoked by our misrepresentations into pen and ink. Are we so insignificant or so unworthy as to deserve such mortifying neglect? What can this ominous reserve possibly mean?"

We should have little difficulty in answering these impassioned queries, but we have some delicacy in doing so, inasmuch as our explanation might not be perfectly agreeable either to the Historian or the Reviewer—we therefore forbear.

#### WIVES OR ANGELS.

THE large number of marriages which took place on the 10th inst. show that in matrimony, as in other things, the example of Royalty is infectious. There can be little doubt that the Registrar-General will have to report an unusual increase of matches in this year 1863, and especially in the first quarter or so. Why ardent lovers should become more ardent at the spectacle of a Royal wedding may be difficult to explain on philosophical grounds; but, constituted as human nature is, there can be no doubt that the constant perusal in the newspapers of details of nuptial bliss—the constant sight in the shop-windows of the portraits of a young couple illustrious by station, but more tenderly interesting from the light of romantic affection that hangs about them—acts as a perpetual incentive to those who are not yet mated, but who desire to be. This, of course, is particularly the case with women; but even men are not altogether free from the genial influence. If the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales be really all that report has told us, it goes far to realize some of the pleasantest incidents in the fairy literature of our youth. Had Albert Edward but won his bride by perilous adventures and chivalrous achievements, it would be a story for some living Madame d'Aulnoys (if we only had one) to chronicle in alluring legends.

That the marriage may be as happy in its entire course as it has been at its commencement, we all desire. But what shall we say of the other marriages that have taken place in consequence of this bright example? We may hope the same; but how far are such hopes likely to be realized where the numbers are so large? It is one of the saddest facts in life that marriage is often a failure; and it is so, in many cases, not because of any great vice on either side, but simply by reason of a false estimate of the conditions by which the married state, like all other states, is governed. The root of the evil lies in perverse principles affecting the whole social intercourse of the sexes. In the minds of a large proportion of young men, the feeling with regard to women is a mixture of sham gallantry and real disrespect. They have no opinion of the female intellect, and no reverence for the female character. How so low an estimate of the feminine nature can be arrived at by any man who recollects that he has, or has had, a mother (for



we may set aside as of no account the few monstrous exceptions to the sacredness of the maternal character), is difficult to explain; but the fact is too often manifest. It is a vice of fashion and of training, which, like most vices, has the power of reproducing itself by the contagion of example. We may deplore its existence, but we must take it into our calculation. Young men often find themselves expected, on entering the world, to be extremely complimentary and deferential to women before their faces, and cynically contemptuous of them behind their backs. The old schoolboy sense of scorn for "those girls" is retained, but is decorously hidden behind a thin veneer of gallantry. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that there is an attempt to hide the rougher and more genuine feeling, for the untruthfulness of the profession is made manifest by its fulsome exaggerations. The showy nonsense uttered by young men in ball-rooms is resented at heart by all girls of intellectual capacity and common self-respect; but it is unfortunately encouraged by the more frivolous, who do not detect the real indifference it masks, or who yield themselves willingly to an enchantment which they know is false, but which they feel is pleasant. There are, of course, two forms of gallantry—the true and the spurious. That feeling of tender, protecting regard for women, as the weaker of the two sexes, which seems to have originated with Christianity, or at any rate to be more directly encouraged by the religion of equality than by any other, is the genuine gallantry of cultivated and considerate men. It finds its loftier expression in the solicitude with which manly natures shield women as far as possible from the rough accidents of life; and its lighter in the brightness and gaiety of social intercourse. The spurious development of gallantry we all know too well. It is the reproduction in general society of the simpering airs of a Beau Brummell, rendering service itself distasteful by officiousness, and compliments offensive by their grossness. The type of true gallantry may be seen in the Chevalier Bayard; that of false gallantry in the vulgar gentility and barely disguised selfishness of Samuel Pepys, Esq., Secretary to the Admiralty, and hanger-on at the Court of Charles II., or in Charles II. himself. It was, indeed, in the reign of that monarch that spurious gallantry became first systematised, and both professed and practised as an article of social religion. Women being regarded as nothing better than as ministrants to sensuality, there was no limit either to the hyperboles of flattery with which they were sated, or to the depths of degradation through which they were dragged. Few things in the whole round of literature are more horrible than the mingling, in the comedies of Wycherley and Congreve, of extravagant compliments to women with the systematic expression of a gay and laughing belief in their unvarying profligacy, worthlessness, and deceit.

We have long ago risen out of the worst corruptions of that evil time; but we have not yet entirely shaken ourselves free from the low estimate of women which was fostered and vaunted in the latter half of the seventeenth century. The misconception, as we have shown, is widely diffused among the unthinking, and it results in the frequent failure of the married state. The young fellow who from his eighteenth to his five-and-twentieth year has prided himself on having "no opinion of women," excepting as a kind of pretty plaything, suddenly finds at the latter period that he is under very heavy, yet very pleasant, bonds to one of that despised community. He has had flirtations and trifling fancies a dozen times before:—

"The summer pilots of an empty heart  
Unto the shores of nothing;"

but now he is really in love. To that extent he is sincere, and so far his sham gallantry merges in the true. But he has been so accustomed to false pretences, that his very sincerity takes a form which is in itself insincere. He has no idea of truth apart from exaggeration, and has so accustomed himself to the language of excess, that he can speak in no other tongue. The old habit of unreality clings to the new-born truth, and ruins it. Because he finds the lady amiable and kind, considerate for others, and prone to do gracious things graciously, he fancies her supernaturally perfect. He constructs an ideal out of her best qualities, and does her a substantial injustice by expecting that she is always to act up to that impossible measure of perfection. She ceases to be mere woman (which ought to be sufficient to satisfy any reasonable man), and floats in the ether of his fancy a winged angel. Her admirer is never modest enough to ask his conscience what right he has to expect an angel for his companion, himself being none. He probably makes no effort on his own part to rise above the weaknesses of humanity—the petty accidents of temper, common at times to all of us; the sordid instincts of daily life; the selfishness that insinuates itself under so many crafty forms; the meanness, distrust, and want of charitable allowance, that grow with our

growth, unless perpetually checked and beaten down. He does not consider how far perfection on one side, and imperfection on the other, would be a possible or even a desirable association. He pays his sweetheart the egregious and even cruel compliment of trying her by a standard wholly impracticable and artificial, arbitrarily fixing her to it, and shaping all his future prospects by a law which he ought to know is non-existent. Perhaps he takes to writing poetry; which is generally a bad sign in one who is not naturally poetical. The man who is poetical by disposition and by habit can mark with the utmost exactness the limits between fact and fancy; and hence it is generally found that real poets are men remarkable for the plain common-sense of their views on all practical occasions. They have traced the windings of both worlds, and know their way in either. They understand the value of proportion and fitness; in a word, of truth, which is God's poetry. The prosaic man may be lifted by some overmastering passion into a brief sympathy with the ideal; but he is pretty certain to lose himself, to mistake emphasis for sincerity, and to confuse and bewilder his perceptions, instead of exalting them. True poetry makes the world grow clearer; false poetry darkens at once the intellectual and the moral vision, and turns truth itself into a lie. In the worst cases of breach of promise of marriage, we generally find that the defendant, during his courtship, wrote sentimental verses to the plaintiff. He may have thought for the moment that Mary Jane was "all his fancy painted her;" but he did so in obedience to an ostentatious habit of exaggeration, arising from confirmed irreverence for truth. We do not mean to say that every man who writes bad poetry to his intended, and decks her in flaring and preposterous figures of speech, will for that reason falsify his word, or act with harshness and neglect after marriage; but the proneness to conscious hyperbole is very apt to be its own Nemesis, by leading to painful reactions. The illusory ground breaking down under the first solid footsteps of life, the self-deceived suffers grievously from the fall, and learns, for the first time (if, indeed, he learns even then), the value of a correct appreciation of natural facts.

The man who began by thinking all women fools, and who passed out of that opinion into the belief that one particular woman was an angel, marries in the glamour of the latter faith, and anticipates a lifetime of celestial ministrations. Let us say the honeymoon is *all* honey; still, when the active, yet monotonous, round of daily existence commences, it will be strange if the angel do not sometimes prove mortal. She may be a true-hearted, loveable woman; she may have all the devotion, the self-sacrifice, the quiet grace and harmony, of her sex; but she will also have her wayward humours. She will be out of spirits once in a way, out of health sometimes, out of temper at others. Why did not Jones, her husband, think of this before? Why does he resent it now, as if his wife had married him under false pretences? She never put herself forward as a seraph; that was his mistake. Yet Jones thinks himself deceived because, after a little while, he finds those gauzy wings which he would needs fasten to the human shoulders of Mary Jane dropping off into nothingness. Affection and trust, sustained and rectified by mutual charity, are not enough for him. Those are the conditions of the best of mortal friendships; but they will not satisfy the prodigious requirements of Jones. He had bargained for an angel; and because he has not got one, all is a failure. Thence follow heart-burnings and quarrels; separation ensues, and perhaps the Divorce Court brings the miserable error to a close.

Marriage is the touchstone before which the deceptions of courtship fade, and are forced to declare themselves for what they are. Shakspeare, with that wonderful power which he possessed of implying a profound remark in the verbal mistakes of some of his characters, makes Slender say to Justice Shallow, when the latter recommends him to marry Anne Page, and asks whether he can love her:—"I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another. I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt; but, if you say, 'Marry her,' I *will* marry her." The great dramatist knew from his own experience, as well as from general observation, that the love in the beginning, whether much or little, is frequently "decreased upon better acquaintance," when the couple "are married, and have more occasion to know one another." Did he, with all his insight, make the mistake of expecting too much? Certainly Shelley did in his first marriage. This would seem to militate against our assertion that real poets are not likely to fall into such errors; but it should be recollected that both Shakspeare and Shelley were mere youths when they were wedded,



—the one to Anne Hathaway, the other to Harriet Westbrook. The worst of the matter is, that the mistake is frequently committed by men of mature years.

We are not forgetful that the fault is sometimes on the woman's side. When a girl has kept on her company manners till the reading of the marriage service, and has then considered herself at liberty to indulge in all the vagaries of unchecked caprice and wilfulness, she has no right to complain of any unhappiness that may result from her fraud. We cannot agree with the remark which Southey is reported to have once made to Shelley, that "a man ought to be able to live with any woman;" for this is to suppose that Socrates is as common a character as Xantippe. But men owe it to themselves, and to those whom they contemplate as the companions of their lives, to act in the spirit of sincerity, and not to prepare the way for disappointments which they need never have endured.

#### RAILWAYS AND CITY POPULATION.

IN the infancy of railroads many towns viewed them as of old pest-houses were viewed, and drove them far off as intolerable nuisances. After awhile, however, these sapient municipalities found themselves stranded high and dry whilst they had the mortification of seeing the main stream of life and commerce passing through hitherto unimportant hamlets, and suddenly swelling them into towns of consequence. One would have thought that a lesson still fresh in the minds of most middle-aged persons of the community would not have been without its influence, and that in these days citizens and the Legislature would be as ready to receive the rails into their midst as they were of old to banish them afar off. But if we are to believe the statements of a few noble lords of the Upper House, metropolitan lines are still greater nuisances than were the lines of old traversing the country. Lord Shaftesbury thinks the Great Eastern Railway Company ought not to possess themselves of Finsbury-circus. Open spaces are so many lobes of the metropolitan lung, without which the "tailors and shoemakers" cannot breathe. So far so good; and speaking generally we agree that we should rather multiply than diminish such wells of fresh air; but it does seem rather extraordinary that in the very next breath his lordship is found complaining that upwards of a thousand houses will be cleared by this same company for the continuation of its main line and branches into the metropolis. Now, to make a line is to make a very wide street, and to open up avenues of fresh air. In the one case the company are flagellated for building in an open space, and then, again, they are threatened with the lash for wishing to open new ones. It is quite clear that, hit high or hit low, his lordship is not to be satisfied. Then, again, we have a dismal picture painted by his lordship of the fever jungles in which tailors and shoemakers are obliged to live; and yet, when it is proposed to ventilate these fever districts with open lines, the hardship of turning them out "at a week's notice" is insisted upon. In our opinion, the only way to get rid of the pestilential nest of dens, in which the working population of this metropolis at present live, is to separate them by moving among them railway lines in every direction, and in this manner disintegrating and breaking them up, just as the police do dangerous multitudes, by moving among them wedge-like divisions of their force. The Great Fire of London, which swept away the old town, was a mercy attended no doubt with much suffering; but we believe that the introduction of the scores of lines which are intended to form links of intercommunication between the great stations in the suburbs will end in a second destruction of London—a London, we may say, that, with all our boasting, is not in its back slums very much in advance of that of two centuries ago. The look of Mr. Stanford's Map of the Proposed Metropolitan Railway Schemes for 1863 is at first appalling enough, but it is quite clear the new lines make a greater appearance on paper than they will in reality, as many of them are to run underground. A very important feature of most of them is that they strike at the very heart of the metropolis instead of keeping in the far distant background. No doubt this very boldness will raise up opposition against them, but, as far as we can see, wholly without cause. The dealings of the great masses of the population are with the old channels of communication; we want to get into the great thoroughfares, and the great centres, and not into far-off boulevards and shabby half-populated neighbourhoods. The great drawback, for instance, of the Metropolitan Line is, that it runs far away from the points to which West-enders are mainly bound. Watch the lines of omnibuses, and where they gather thickest there the pulse of population throbs the fullest. We hear people expressing horror at the idea of a railway station at Regent's-circus. Of course, if it were proposed

to run trains, or even to open an underground station in the centre of this crowded thoroughfare, the scheme might justly be pronounced absurd. But would it be supposed, from the outcry, that the plan is to clear away an open space for a station in the frowsy cholera district lying between Queen-street and Brewer-street, near to Golden-square, in order to put the many great roads that debouch close upon this spot in railway communication with the Great Northern station and the northern district of the town?

Go near to the great centres of traffic! Of course they do, just as fishermen make for the densest part of a shoal of herrings—for railway companies are but fishers of men. Then, again, we hear loud complaints against the route of the Kensington, Knightsbridge, and Mid-London line, because it proposes to run from the Great Western station, under Kensington-gardens and Hyde-park, and under Piccadilly to Leicester-square, and so on. Now, if there has been one road more demanded than another by the public voice, it has been one through these public parks, which, as far as public carriages are concerned, divide in half two of the most important portions of the town night and day, and during the hours of darkness even pedestrians. We know an underground line would do all that the public needs, and leave the greensward intact; yet the scheme is denounced, because for a short time it may necessitate some unsightly earth-heaps appearing there. A great sewer may be driven at a vast depth, and with infinite mess, along the same route, but a tunnel for the circulation of the people rouses an indignant population of objectors. We have seen Leicester-square cumbered by a private speculator with a most hideous building, without a word of protest on the part of the inhabitants, and we have seen the same building cleared away, and the site devoted to the purpose of a vast dust-heap, and yet the proposition to erect a comparatively low building for a most useful purpose is met by a yell of derision. If we kept our public spaces as well as they do abroad—planting them with shrubs, and laying them out with flower-beds and public fountains, into which the public had a free right of entry, the cry of those who are for protecting our open spaces would be tenfold more reasonable than it now is, considering that we lock up our squares, and rigidly exclude the great unwashed from touching its sooty and desolate-looking sod. If our open spaces are to be anything more than the "potatoes and point" of the Irish peasant—their flavour only to be enjoyed in imagination—we do not see that the public have so very much to lose by their appropriation, here and there, as railway stations.

There is one argument, however, on the part of those who are frightened at finding the metropolis threatened with being carried by the railway companies by assault,—an argument, by-the-bye, which even the *Times* has not hesitated to use; namely, that "cities are meant to live in," and not to be cut and carved about by railway companies. Now, that cities are made to live in seems a very obvious truth, but in reality sometimes it is not a truth at all. The City of London, for instance, is almost wholly deserted at night; the railway companies and the omnibuses every evening disperse the vast crowd to suburban houses, and return it in the morning. This attraction and repulsion from the central heart is going on year by year with redoubled force, and the end of it will be that railways, instead of condensing and compressing human beings together by reason of the room they take up, will spread the population over an area twentyfold the size they at present occupy. The time will come, no doubt, when London proper will consist of a series of vast suburbs connected by railroads with a central business district. Foreseeing this tendency of the time so clearly, we cannot but smile at the fears of those who apprehend that railways are about to exclude every mouthful of fresh air left to us. There are certain classes of the population who must be, at all times we suppose, resident citizens, but they will get more air in consequence of the flight of the wealthier portion of the population towards the suburbs; but we by no means apprehend that large portions of the working population are necessitated to dwell close to their work. In our opinion, the Legislature should exercise its authority over the railway companies, in the direction of obliging them to run early and late trains at such times and prices as would meet the means and needs of the working-classes, rather than begrudge them station space, in order to conserve the wretched dwellings that Lord Shaftesbury's "tailors" and "shoemakers" now inhabit, at a rent far higher, considering their accommodation, than his lordship and his class pay for their own houses in the comparatively pure air of the West-end.

We confess we do not put much faith in the value of the promised edict of the Board of Trade. The want of system in our railway communications cannot now be mended by the hurried consultations of a few officials. To attempt a consolidation of the different lines, such as shall give a free intercommunication between



all parts of this vast metropolis, on any symmetrical plan, considering the want of symmetry that already exists in the exterior lines themselves, would be like attempting to mend a Gothic building by piecing it together with Greek work. All that we can now do is to gather up the ends of the different threads of communication in the best way we can, leaving that way to the ultimate judgment of the shareholding public.

#### THE PEOPLE'S ALMONER.

WHEN the future historian, perhaps in the twentieth century, shall explain our social machinery of the nineteenth, he will have to take account of the part discharged by one institution which belongs especially to this age. Public journalism, as it now exists among us, differs essentially from anything in the literature of former times. It is not the individual utterance of certain writers claiming, by the authority of their superior knowledge or insight, to lead the opinions of the rest of the world. It is confessedly but an organ through which literary expression is given to the floating mass of thought and feeling engendered upon every topic of present interest by the active intelligence of the time. The paper which, besides reporting each day's news, and advertising everybody's needs, digests the common stock of current notions in a readable and effective form, is really a product of the general movement in the minds of the educated and influential classes. It is the business of the editors to watch this movement, and to keep pace with it.

In this vocation, as in others, the greatest abiding success naturally falls to those who best understand the principle upon which it is carried on. If one journal has won, and is likely to keep, an unapproached position in the favour of the higher and middle ranks of English society, that is because, consulting their average moral and intellectual standard, and renouncing all pretensions of didactic eminence, it reflects with marvellous fidelity the ideas by which this nation is actuated in the ordinary affairs of life. Indeed, the mental characteristics of the English race, if we can suppose it hereafter to become extinct, will be most vividly displayed, to the future students of our ephemeral literature, in the leading columns of the greatest London newspaper of this day. The national temperament, in all its robust and burly vigour, will be found pervading the style and prompting the direction of its comments upon every subject of passing concern.

In the relations, however, between the chief of our periodical press and that majority of the intelligent and active classes whose opinions and sentiments are daily combined for publication by the editorial committee which speaks the English mind, there is one feature of curious interest on which we mean here particularly to remark. This is the direct intervention of the paper, upon some occasions, in aid of those spontaneous efforts of public bounty which are among the most interesting features of our social state. The public press does, in fact, become the People's Almoner in these cases. It is not requisite to suppose that the conductors of any journal are animated by one whit more of the spirit of beneficence than most of their neighbours. Our observation merely goes to this,—that since the journal, as we have seen, lives in close sympathetic connection with a very large part of the community, including those who possess the means and opportunities for promoting voluntary subscriptions towards objects of charity, it has very naturally become their instrument for many purposes of that kind, accommodating itself to the pressure of a multitude of correspondents in various ranks of private life. If the most convenient organ of publicity has thus been converted into the most powerful financial agent for performing certain laudable works, we should yet imagine that it is far from the thoughts of any one concerned in its management as a newspaper to claim the least personal merit for its services in that respect. What, indeed, is shown by such facts as we are about to notice, is the unfailling spring of social benevolence which does exist in this country; and they are, secondly, remarkable as another singular instance of the functions discharged by a journal in serving expressly as the channel of a popular feeling, the tangible results of which in such cases are the pounds, shillings, and pence announced, and sometimes even collected, through the newspaper office. We must distinguish, however, between those very rare occasions upon which the proprietors of a journal like the *Times* may have consented to receive donations for a special object recommended by its advocacy, and those instances which occur almost every day, where the editor permits individual correspondents, of whose good faith he is assured, to make known some authentic particulars of distress, inviting contributions for its relief.

As a middle class of instances, we may observe that where the

merits of the case, or the need to be provided for, have first been reported by the newspaper, in its ordinary business of gathering information, the subscriptions of money so procured have usually been paid in to some parties not connected with it. The most striking example of a successful appeal of this sort is that which was made on behalf of the Field-lane Refuge, in the winter of 1858, and renewed at Christmas, in each of the two following years, for the profit of other similar institutions, giving nightly shelter to many hundreds of homeless wanderers in the London streets. A description of the place at Field-lane and its inmates, by the graphic pen of Mr. Woods, accompanied by a leading article, in which the Christmas comforts of the respectable classes were forcibly contrasted with the misery of those who are destitute, was the instrument of provoking an extraordinary outflow of public compassion, attested within a very few weeks by adding to the funds of that one institution more than £8,000. By the next winter, that of 1859, an association had been formed, under Lord Shaftesbury's presidency, to erect houses of reception, in several parts of London, where numbers of poor vagrants, who are shut out from the casual wards of the work-houses, might be saved from perishing of hunger and cold. The *Times* and the founders of this society again most properly kept Christmas together, by co-operating in so merciful a design; the voice of that great organ of social feeling was lifted up as before to call for pecuniary aid. The pockets and purses of all who had enough and to spare felt a strange twitching, and were perhaps charmed open, as they perused, over a plentiful breakfast, the morning paper which preached the duty of Christian charity in its largest and fairest type. The result was that the subscriptions presently amounted to £15,000, of which sum one-third has been invested, under the name of "The *Times* Fund," for certain specific uses. The balance, having been set apart for a new building, and increased by successive appeals in later years, may now be seen in the substantial form of a large, roomy, and convenient mansion in Mutton-lane, where many human creatures have each winter been kept alive who else must probably have died from exposure to the frost or the wet in the midst of this rich and luxurious city. Altogether, we believe, something above £25,000 has been raised for this good object by means of articles in the *Times*, or as the direct result of its interposition. Jupiter thus descended in a shower of gold, to cherish with the embrace of kindly charity the shivering outcast Famine, who had not where to lay her head.

But of the *Times* undertaking, by its own agency, the collection and management of large sums of money sent in for benevolent or patriotic uses, there is only one instance which we at present remember. Other journals of a popular character, which may bear towards the multitude of a somewhat lower rank in society the same intimate relation that the *Times* seems to bear to the more influential classes, have recently followed this example. The *Daily Telegraph*, a skilful and sympathetic interpreter of the popular instincts, has thus started a special fund of its own for the relief of Lancashire distress, and raised already, we believe, £6,000 or more. *Lloyd's Weekly*, in a more professedly devoted spirit, bestowed its own profits for three weeks to feed the cotton-spinners out of employ. The great precedent, however, for these acts, was the *Times*' fund, created by subscription among its readers, to provide comforts for our soldiers in hospital during the Crimean War. In spite of Mr. Kinglake's paradoxical account of that journal, as a sort of mill which had been set up by a joint-stock company of speculators, to grind popular sensations into a form remunerative to themselves, we believe that the historical importance of the part it actually took, by encouraging, warning, advising, and criticizing a shiftless Administration, in the Russian War, will be recognized by wiser authors than Mr. Kinglake, when his volumes shall have been long forgotten. Never was there a more genuine example of that which we have defined as the characteristic function of the public press in our own day,—that of giving utterance, without any reserve or adulteration, to the sentiments and to the half-formed convictions of society in general. The editors of the *Times* frankly, as usual, declared one morning that they put themselves completely in the hands of the public on this question. They followed the general opinion. Excepting the letters of Mr. Russell—which were so eagerly read by all the world a few hours after they arrived—no means of information about the real state of our army was exclusively at their disposal; but their table was heaped, by every post, with private communications from a multitude of writers who, through their personal friends or family connexions in the camp, had learned its deplorable plight, and who pressed the *Times* to become the mouthpiece of their indignation. The next step was equally prompted by the natural relations of the paper to its host



of readers and correspondents, as the agent of their purpose to remedy the crying distress of our sick and wounded in the East. Money was offered for that object by many of the people, who day after day wrote so many hundreds of letters to the editor of the *Times*. Before any special organization, such as existed at a later period of the campaign, had been formed, the *Times* found itself under the responsibility of either rejecting these offers, by which our suffering heroes were to be relieved, or else undertaking a very difficult task, to receive and to apply the funds subscribed. This charge, which the *Times* felt it a duty to accept, involved first the disposal of £10,000, raised in a very few days, in October, 1854. Believing that this sum would be enough for what they supposed to be only a temporary emergency, the proprietors then closed the subscription; but while doing so, additional gifts came in, making the amount as much as £12,000. Mr. Macdonald, one of their permanent staff, went at once to Scutari, to ascertain what stores the military hospital required, and to purchase in the local markets of Constantinople supplies of nourishing food, blankets, and clothing for the patients' use. Although the official commissariat had failed, and proved in fact quite incapable of attempting to meet this sudden need, we doubt if he would have obtained permission even to make good its avowed deficiencies, but for the presence of Miss Nightingale, who, in the attractive form of the volunteered personal exertions of English Sisters of Charity, had obtained access for the freely offered bounty of this nation, to assuage the pain that was notoriously caused by helpless inefficiency, if not by improvidence and neglect in the War Department. After several months of zealous labour, the expenses of his mission being wholly defrayed by the *Times*, Mr. Macdonald, whose health had given way, returned home when it seemed probable that the immediate necessity was past. But, as we all remember, the first months of 1855 displayed, owing chiefly to the want of proper transport at Balaklava, scenes of confusion, and of misery thence resulting to our soldiers, which were pronounced "horrible and heartrending" by the Ministers of the day. Again the *Times* opened its subscription-lists, and an additional fund of £14,000 was quickly raised. Mr. Stowe, the gentleman intrusted with its administration, hastened to the seat of war, and having exerted himself as much as any public servant who succumbed to the toils and dangers of that campaign, died there, leaving a balance of £8,000 to be further disposed of. By that time, however, the Government had been roused to action, and the worst was over. Of the money which has since remained in hand, £3,000 was given in 1857 to relieve the sufferers by the Indian Mutiny, while the £4,000 which now stands at interest, is, we believe, designed to form the nucleus of a provision for those poor broken soldiers, who, returning from an unhealthy service in tropical climates, and having no claim to a pension, are, when discharged from hospital, too often thrown destitute upon the country. We may observe, that when the *Times*, going beyond its usual course, assumed, in compliance with the popular feeling, this very onerous and responsible task, it furnished a good answer to the vainly censorious attacks of a Saturday detractor, which sought, in those days of England's stern grapple with the vices of her own system and with the Russian foe, to win its spurs by a weekly diatribe against the chief exponent of our national resolve to overcome both the one and the other.

The third category of instances, in which the publicity of journalism will often lend most useful aid to the efforts of private benevolence, may be illustrated by citing those frequent appeals for the relief of particular cases of distress, which go forth upon the authority of persons known to the editor, or holding some position, such as that of the parish clergyman, which is taken as a guarantee for their honest intention. The examination of a file of the *Times*, in which letters of this kind have abounded for the last six months, would supply a great variety of curious anecdotes, throwing much light upon our social condition, and proving, to an extent not perhaps duly estimated by mere cursory observers, the compassionate readiness of our people to bestow their alms wherever they are made acquainted with cases of human suffering, if properly attested, by such facilities as the public press can afford them.

#### A LOYAL DON.

OUR amiable and elegant contemporary, the *Saturday Review*, last week surpassed itself in vivisection. Like Alexander, the critic "thrice routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain;" a "favoured doctor of divinity," and an opponent of High Church, was characterized as having produced "a noisome and offensive jargon of semi-religious, semi-cabalistic cant, or part-ludicrous,

part-horrifying vaticinations of woe, in the vein of Zadkiel or Solomon Eagle." "The great Panjandrum of prophecy himself," their time-honoured butt, is "gaily bespattered with polemical mire," to use their own expressive phrase. One would think from this that a foolish doctor of divinity was indeed a *rara avis*; and we should perhaps rejoice in his discomfiture, were it not for the melancholy fact that the great organ of Anglo-Catholic opinion always ignores the follies and the offences of the "favourite doctors of divinity" on the other side. It is perhaps more pardonable to do a foolish thing than to write a silly book; it is certainly better to write anything, however much opposed to high orthodoxy, than to invent and apply a gratuitous and offensive insult.

There has been diffused through all classes a deep and genuine feeling of joy at the happy marriage of the Prince of Wales, and consequently a great number of congratulatory addresses presented to him. The University of Oxford has determined to follow this example, and, in a meeting of the Council, composed of heads of houses, professors, and members of Convocation, with whom rests the initiative of all university legislation, proposed to congratulate the Prince on having found a Protestant Princess, whom the Act of Settlement permits him to marry. One would think that this form, long sanctioned by usage, had nothing in it objectionable; yet a well-known (if not quite a favourite) Doctor opposed it and carried an amendment. Our readers will be surprised to hear that his objection was that the Princess Alexandra, being a Dane, could not properly be called a Protestant! He argued that Denmark was given up to Rationalism, and on that ground the obnoxious word was left out by a majority. Now, in the first place, though it may be true that many classes of Danes were infected with Rationalism, it is certainly not true now. There has been a double reaction in Denmark towards ultra-Lutheranism on the one side, and on the other to that school which in England is called Evangelical. So that the accusation was not even true; if it were true, it would still remain a monument of glaring bad taste.

Our readers will be still more astonished to hear the name of the learned divine who led the University on this occasion. It was Dr. Pusey.

Theodore Hook is reported to have crossed the street on one occasion to an old gentleman passing by, and, raising his hat, to have asked, "Pray, sir, are you any one in particular?" On this occasion we profoundly salute Dr. Pusey, and ask the same question of him. He is, and he is not. In Oxford he is renowned for having escaped a trial for heresy by a hair's breadth (which trial he has lately retorted on those who helped him in his trouble), for being a Regius Professor, and for preaching before the University (when not suspended for anti-Protestant dogmas). Out of Oxford he is remembered as the father confessor of a "Protestant nunnery" in the West, as the expositor of ingenious theology in the *Times* and elsewhere, and possibly most of all as the derivation of Puseyite. It seems, indeed, strange that this man should be allowed to define what is Protestant and what is not. He was unfortunately allowed this privilege, and joyfully took the occasion of firing the double shot of spleen against the Princess who would not put off her wedding for the Puseyites, and a sneer at his late reluctant opponent, Professor Jowett.

How did he know that the Princess had not heard of the indulgence kindly produced by a courtly bishop from the armoury of the unconscious Primate? Nay, how did he know that she would not sign the Articles "in a strictly natural sense?" The extreme High Church party did not appear to advantage in the late rejoicings. Some refused to take any part in the festivities,—one backed them in their ungracious work and then deserted to the enemy, and now we have Dr. Pusey rampant. Mr. Hallam once picked out an ancient scandal as a proof of "the folly and ignorance of learned academics." If the University of Oxford is thus easily led by its polemical prize-fighters to gratuitous unpleasantness, it may incur similar charges of sourness and bigotry.

We hope that this was merely a mistake or a carelessness, after all; for we know that the day has long gone by when Oxford would be responsible for the acts and opinions of an obsolete Professor and an ill-tempered party.

#### THE WATERLOW BUILDINGS.

ALDERMAN WATERLOW has erected several blocks of houses for the use of the working classes, which he alleges will prove in every instance remunerative to the landlord, and an immense accession to the convenience and comfort of the tenant. By adopting a sort of stereotyped and uniform pattern of the internal fittings, he is able, with the aid of machinery, to provide fittings at far less ex-



pense than is usually incurred. His description of the whole process of manufacture is as follows:—

"1. A ground plan easily adaptable to any plot of ground, capable of repetition to any extent, and presenting in the elevation a pleasing and attractive appearance. 2. Suites of rooms at different rents, so planned as to secure the greatest economy of space, materials, and labour in the erection of the building, and at the same time provide for the exclusive use of each family, within the external door of the lettings, every essential requisite of domestic convenience. 3. The construction of a flat roof, capable of being used as a drying and recreation ground, so as to leave as much space as possible available for building. 4. Planning the positions of the doors, windows, and fireplaces with reference to a suitable arrangement of the furniture of the apartments, and the placing of proper fireplaces, cupboards, shelves, &c., in every room. 5. An efficient system of drainage and ventilation. 6. Making the joinery as near as possible to a uniform size and pattern, so that machinery might be brought to bear in economizing its manufacture to a considerable extent. 7. The discovery and adaptation of a new material combining the properties of strength and durability, adaptability, attractiveness of appearance, and cheapness, in an eminent degree. 8. The combination of these advantages in buildings which, when let at fair rentals, would produce a good return on the outlay incurred in their erection. 9. The selection of a locality where the ground-rent would not be excessive, although the tenants would be sufficiently near their work to enable them to take their meals at home."

The rent he requires for each suite of rooms—three in number—ranges from 5s. to 7s. 6d. a-week; and the return to the landlord, he thinks, will amount to nine per cent.

Taking the working classes as we commonly find them, it is doubtful if they will be able to afford 7s. 6d. a-week for three rooms, out of wages oftener less than 30s. a-week, and only in the case of skilled mechanics reaching £2. This accommodation, in order to yield seven or nine per cent., must be restricted to a superior class of workmen—that very class of men who are most likely to select, if such can be found, suitable and comfortable homes for themselves. We do not deny that Mr. Waterlow has accomplished a good work, and met what is a general want; and heartily do we wish him success. But we feel he has not overtaken, or even touched, the great and urgent necessity of the age. It is for a poorer class, squatting on a still lower level, that some more decent sanitary and habitable provision is most demanded. There are, at the very lowest calculation, 250,000 tenements in wretched, fetid, and filthy courts and "rents," or blind alleys, the tenants of which scarcely ever touch the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, and would be thankful for a much less provision of convenience, comfort, and domestic cleanliness than falls to the lot of the rich man's dogs. Mr. Waterlow's buildings are, for the upper class of respectable mechanics, very expedient and useful. But, to supply the more imperative want, we must bore deeper still. If we would lessen the area and intensity of fever, cholera, and epidemic disease—if even we would consult the safety of St. James's, we must do something for St. Giles's. What is required is a number of tenements at a weekly rental of two shillings, into which air, water, and light may flow freely, and attached to which shall be provided the decencies and necessities of civilization of the lowest type. If building ground can be secured at a reasonable rent, we are persuaded capital would be profitably remunerated on this plan, were it to provide blocks of houses divided into tenements of sufficient size, each adapted to a family of three or four persons. If this cannot be accomplished—and on a large scale, it is all but impossible—the problem that remains and demands to be solved is, how to repair and redistribute, and otherwise make habitable, such tenements as we find in Lincoln's-court, Drury-lane, and other retreats into which has drifted and settled the very refuse of a great metropolis. We do not want sentimental and elegant cottages or pretty and picturesque homes for fine ladies and *dilettanti* architects to admire. We want rough and coarse, but cleanly and well-ventilated tenements, such as can be created out of existing materials at little expense and at low rents, for costermongers, chance porters, matchwood-splitters, and hodmen, who at present live in dens and pigstyes, and create and localize and radiate disease, in due time, far and wide.

## ART AND SCIENCE.

### MUSIC.

NOT even at the Popular Concerts has a more unexceptionable programme ever been offered than that of Monday last. Both in selection and performance it deserves to be cited as a model of its kind:—

#### PART I.

Quartet in E minor, Op. 44, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, MM. Sainton, L. Ries, H. Webb, and Paque ..... Mendelssohn.

Song, "The Violet," Miss Robertine Henderson ..... Mozart.  
Recit. and Air, "Deeper and deeper still," "Waft her angels," Mr. Sims Reeves ..... Handel.  
Sonata in C major, Op. 53, for Pianoforte solo, dedicated to Count Waldstein, Mr. Charles Hallé ..... Beethoven.

#### PART II.

Sonata in B flat, for Pianoforte and Violin (Dedicated to Mdle. Strinasacchi), Mr. Charles Hallé and M. Sainton ..... Mozart.  
Songs, "Stars of the summer night," "When the moon is brightly shining," Mr. Sims Reeves ..... Molique.  
Song, "Swedish Winter Song," Miss Robertine Henderson ..... Mendelssohn.  
Quartet in G minor, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (by desire), MM. Sainton, L. Ries, H. Webb, and Paque ..... Haydn.

Mendelssohn's Quartet, one of the most impassioned and fervid of its composer's works, was admirably led by M. Sainton, who has now earned high rank among the few intellectual interpreters of classical music. With all the mechanical skill of an accomplished solo player, M. Sainton unites that intelligent appreciation of the distinguishing characteristics of various styles, without which mere executive power is but of small account. He was well supported by the other members of the quartet, M. Paque being an efficient substitute for Signor Piatti. Mr. Charles Hallé's performance (from memory) of Beethoven's sonata was in every respect admirable, both for finished mechanism and definite intention in the reading. This work contains some of the greatest difficulties to be found in Beethoven's solo pieces, and when composed must have been far in advance of the average powers of execution. The last movement especially, with the series of shakes combined with the subject of the Rondo given to the right hand, anticipates some of the difficulties of the modern school of pianoforte playing. Not less difficult are the rapid passages of octaves for both hands, which we have heard some eminent performers reduce to passages of single notes. All these were executed by Mr. Hallé with faultless precision, as written; and the Sonata throughout was given with a power and passion which do not always characterize his performances. The Sonata of Mozart was rendered with a perfect *ensemble* by Mr. Hallé and M. Sainton—indeed both these artists appeared throughout the evening to be in their best vein. Mr. Sims Reeves, notwithstanding the March winds, was in excellent voice, and sang evidently *con amore*. Miss Robertine Henderson (one of the best recent pupils of the Royal Academy of Music) sang with much unaffected expression. This young lady, who was warmly applauded, bids fair to become a favourite.

The London Glee and Madrigal Union have resumed their performances (at the Dudley Gallery) of glees, madrigals, part songs, and other vocal pieces: which are given with the careful preparation which has earned a high reputation for this party. The English school is here effectively represented by the works of Arne, Shield, Webbe, Bishop, Horsley, and other native composers.

The Vocal Association commenced their season at St. James's-hall on Tuesday evening; when, in honour of St. Patrick's Eve, the first part was largely composed of Irish airs, some of them harmonized for a full choir, and accompanied by six harps. These pieces were sung with great smoothness and refinement, and a delicacy of expression which is of modern growth among English choristers. The first portion of the concert, however, was generally of that *ad captandum* character which frequently distinguishes "benefit" concerts, and was unworthy of a society claiming the position of the Vocal Association. The second part of the programme consisted of a cantata, entitled "Harvest Home," composed by Mr. G. B. Allen. The vocal performances were varied by some clever pianoforte-playing by Miss Eleanor Ward.

The third concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir took place at the Hanover-square Rooms on Wednesday evening, when the selection comprised motetts, anthems, and psalms, by Palestrina, Bach, Farrant, Mozart, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Goss, and Henry Leslie. This choir has earned honourable distinction among London choral institutions by the excellence of its performances, and the general interest of its programmes. It is only by a moderate number of voices that the delicate refinements of expression and the gradations of light and shade can be effectively given. A chorus of from one to two hundred will always have an advantage, in these respects, over the enormous masses assembled at the Exeter Hall performances; the larger number being necessarily more sluggish in movement and coarser in tone. Mozart's motett "Ave verum," as given on Wednesday, was a good illustration of the distinction just pointed out. Nothing could well exceed the refinement with which this piece was sung, or the pathetic expression, which is generally lost when dispersed among large numbers. One of the chief features of the evening was Bach's motett for two choirs, one of that series of noble works which Bach composed for his pupils, the scholars of St. Thomas's School, Leipzig. These fine compositions, sung, as intended, without any instrumental accompaniment, offer a severe test for any body of singers; and the excellent performance of the specimen selected by Mr. Leslie thoroughly proved the efficiency of his choir.

Her Majesty's Theatre is announced to open on Saturday the 11th of April with Verdi's "Il Trovatore;" the cast including Mdle. Titiens, Madame Alboni, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Santley. The company is to comprise, in addition to the artists just named, Mdle. Artot (her first appearance), Mdle. Louise Michal, Mdle. Kaiser (first appearance), Mdle. Rosa de Ruda



(first appearance), Mdle. Kellogg (first appearance), Madame Lemaire, and Mdle. Trebelli, Signor Bettini, Signor Baragli (first appearance), Signor Gambetti (first appearance), Signor Delle Sedie, Signor Fagotti, Signor Fricca (first appearance), Signor Bagagiolo (first appearance), Signori Bossi, Vialletti, Rovere, Zucchini, and Gassier. The orchestra is to be again under the conductorship of Signor Ardit. Verdi's last work "La Forza del Destino," Gounod's "Faust," and a new Opera composed by Signor Schira to a libretto by the Marquis d'Azeglio, are promised as the novelties of the season; with revivals of "Linda di Chamounix," and "Fidelio." The ballet is, as formerly, to form a feature at this theatre. Mdle. Pocchini and Mdle. Ferraris are re-engaged, with several dancers new to this country, but of Italian celebrity. The programme, altogether, promises a brilliant season for Her Majesty's Theatre.

#### SUNBEAMS AND STARBEAMS.

THE knowledge obtained two years ago by the analysis of the spectrum of solar light of some of the mineral constituents of the sun struck every one with amazement. The chemical analysis of the incandescent vapours of burning metals in a distant globe millions of miles away was indeed a triumph of science. Whatever credit is due—and it is very much—to the German philosophers who made such good use of the prism, honourable notice should be made of some Englishmen who had before laboured in this field of research and performed the excellent work which laid the basis of Bunsen and Kirchhoff's success. One of these, Dr. Miller, has lately, before the Royal Society and the Royal Institution, given an account of his latest discoveries, and which show that that wonderful analysis of the sun is not the only marvellous result to be accomplished by the persevering continuance of these researches. We some time since noticed a series of experiments by Dr. Miller, on the photographic transparency of various media, by which it was shown that various solids, liquids, gases, and vapours, all seemingly equally or nearly equally transparent to the eye, yet exerted very different effects upon the chemical rays of a beam of light. Thus rock-crystal, ice, fluor spar, water, oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, and carbonic acid, allow 74 per cent. of those rays to pass, while thin glass only permits 20, oil of turpentine 8, and sulphuretted hydrogen 14 per cent. to go through them. The photograph of the spectrum of the luminous rays of any incandescent object would vary, therefore, as those rays passed through these or any other influencing media,—more or less of the spectrum being cut off in the photograph. These results guard us against error. But there is another set of phenomena acquired from recent experiments, which seem to encourage the hope of future important advances.

The chemical rays emitted by different luminous objects vary greatly in quality as well as quantity, some sources of light emitting rays of much higher refrangibility than others. Thus rays emanating from the intensely hot jet of the oxy-hydrogen flame are without action upon a sensitive collodion plate, but if the jet impinge on a ball of lime, the light emitted contains chemical rays to the full extent of the solar beams. The most remarkable source of chemical rays is the electric spark or voltaic arc, the chemical spectrum from which is actually three or four times longer than that displayed by sunlight itself.

In this class of experiments the most interesting results have been obtained by examining the spectra produced by varying the metallic electrodes employed as terminals to the secondary wires of the inductive coil. Wheatstone, many years ago, showed that a perfectly characteristic spectrum is displayed when the electromagnetic sparks are transmitted between two surfaces of any metal; and more recent experiments have shown that even the various gaseous media become so intensely heated by the passage of the electric spark, as to furnish characteristic spectra; so that when the electric discharge of the secondary coil is intensified by the Leyden jar, the sparks not only produce the spectrum due to the metal points, but the spectrum also of the gaseous medium in which the electrodes are immersed—that of the metals being characterized by bands of which the extremities only are visible, while the gas spectra give continuous lines which traverse the whole width of the spectrum.

When the electric discharge passes through a compound gas, the spectra of the elementary components of the gas are exhibited, as though at the intense temperature of the electric spark chemical combinations were impossible. The ignition of a solid or a liquid always yields a continuous band of light containing rays of all degrees of refrangibility, but the same body converted into vapour usually produces a spectrum consisting of bright bands of particular colours separated by dark intervals,—gaseous bodies emitting rays of certain definite refrangibility only. The striped character of these spectra being preserved in their photographs, proves that the optical vibrations are emitted from the vapour of the metals, and not from mere detached particles projected from the electrodes by the disruptive discharge; and as it is uniformly observed that the higher the temperature the more refrangible are the vibrations, it is evident we are thus furnished with a rude but valuable means of estimating the exalted temperatures at which these variations in the spectral phenomena take place. And this means has been turned to a very remarkable purpose by Dr. Miller. The hottest wind-furnace yields a temperature not much over 4,500° Fahr. By calculations it has been shown that the temperature of the oxy-hydrogen flame cannot exceed 14,580° Fahr.

By introducing lime and sulphate of magnesia into the oxy-hydrogen jet he has obtained the peculiar spectra of calcium and magnesium coinciding in their lengths with their equivalents in the solar spectrum. He therefore infers that the temperature of the sun is not higher than that of the oxy-hydrogen flame, but certainly far below that of the electric spark. The latter for this reason: magnesium, in the electric spark, gives a remarkably strong band just beyond the limits of the solar spectrum, and magnesium being clearly proved to exist in the solar atmosphere as an element, inasmuch as this special high-temperature magnesium band is wanting in the solar spectrum, it would seem conclusive that the temperature of the solar atmosphere must be below that of the induction spark.

From a comparison of the spectral lines of various metals with the dark lines of the solar spectrum Kirchhoff concluded that potassium, sodium, magnesium, iron, nickel, chromium, and possibly cobalt were present in the solar atmosphere. Angström continuing the examination into the blue and violet extremity of the spectrum believes in the existence of hydrogen, calcium, aluminium, and possibly of manganese, strontium, and barium. These observations on the solar spectrum give great interest to similar observations upon the stars. But how different the dim and twinkling beams that tremble from those distant orbs from the glorious flood of light that makes our day! Of rays so feeble as the threads of light that reach us from the distant realms of space, how difficult, how delicate the examination! Fraunhofer examined four or five of the brightest, and considered that the light of Sirius and Castor had lines differing decidedly from those of the sun; Capella and  $\alpha$  Orionis resembling the solar light more closely. More recently, Dr. Rutherford has made similar observations in America.

In conjunction with Mr. Higgins, Dr. Miller has, through his friend's eight-inch refractor, obtained some interesting results, and has measured the principal lines in Sirius, Betelgeus, and Aldebaran, and obtained more minute details than any previous observer. At his recent lecture, the magnification of a microscopic spectrum of Sirius was projected by the electric light in view of a delighted but most critical audience. Sixty times bigger than our sun, its light, diminished by a journey of a hundred and thirty millions of miles, appears no bigger than a radiant point. Yet this fine ray, that started on its way one-and-twenty years ago, enters as an agent in the chemistry of our earth, and paints its likeness on the photographic plate. Nay, more: the rays that left Capella more than sixty years ago possess the power to do the same! What shall be hidden from human intellect that can wrest out facts like these?

#### CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

THE meeting of the Royal Society of Literature was one of considerable interest. The first communication was by Mr. R. S. Poole, "On the list of the confederacy defeated by Thothmes III. before Megiddo." This document has been already commented upon by M. de Rongé, and Mr. Poole accepted and extended his results. The battle to which the list refers is proved by the Annals of Thothmes III. to have been fought in the 23rd year of his reign, according to the general opinion, B.C. *cir.* 1450. The Annals state the king's line of march, proving that the city before which he conquered the confederacy is the Megiddo of Scripture, famous for the defeat of Josiah by Pharaoh Necho. The list is shown by its title to be an enumeration of the cities or tribes of the confederacy, of which the territory is stated to have extended from Megiddo to NeHARENA, generally held to be Mesopotamia, certainly a country either to the east or to the north-east of Palestine. The list is not in geographical order, as is proved by the position in it of places mentioned in the account of the march. M. de Rongé had identified the following names of cities:—1. KeTeSHU, the great Hittite city on the Orontes. 2. MAKETEE, Megiddo. 6. TeBeKHU, Tibhath in Zobah. 11. MARAMA, Merom. 12. TeMeSKU, Damascus. 14. AUBEERA. Two cities Abel. 15. HeMTU Hamath; ASTERATU Ashtaroth. 30. RAWEESEA, Laish. 31. HeTARA (HeZARA) Hazor. 33. KeN-NARATU, Cinnereth. 37. SHeNAMA, Shunem. 39. AKSeP, Achsaph. 52. 53. APRA, the two cities Ophrah. 54. KHASHBU, Heshbon? 56. NeKBU, Negeb, the south of Palestine. 61. YePU, Joppa. 79. KeRARA, Gerar. For the remaining names M. de Rongé proposes several probable Hebrew etymologies. The most remarkable is that of No. 100, YAKBA-ARA, which he reads JAAKAV-AAR, remarking, "La transcription hébraïque donne forcément יעקב-אר, nom au sujet duquel il serait facile de se livrer à des conjectures séduisantes; il est exactement composé comme Israël. . . . Est-il permis de supposer que le nom de localité conserve un souvenir d'un des établissements de Jacob en Palestine?" The name, as here read, would, Mr. Poole held, most probably signify "God will supplant," for it commences with the future form, Jacob, which, in the case of the patriarch's name, is held to mean "He will, or does, supplant," but may mean "God will supplant (for him)," the name of God being in such forms almost always the nominative. A name perfectly analogous occurs earlier in the list, YeSheP-ARA, which Mr. Poole proposed to read ישיע-אר, "God will add." We have no instance of the Hebrew samech being transcribed by the Egyptian SH, but conversely its Egyptian correspondents are used for the Hebrew shin. The name of Joseph signifies "He will add," the nominative understood being the name



of God. Supposing that these are the names of Jacob and Joseph in the forms, Jacob-el and Joseph-el, there are instances of the same variation in Nathan, Nethaneel (Nathanael), Nethaniah, and Jehonathan or Jonathan, Jephthah (Jephthah) and Jiphthah-el. Mr. Poole was thus led to look for other possible tribe-names. RABANA may be Reuben, like KANANA for Canaan, SHeMANA possibly Simeon, though the equivalent of *y* is wanting; ASHUSHKHeN, Issachar (Heb. Issaskar, the *s*'s being *w*), and KAUTA may, perhaps, be Gad. Supposing that these are tribe-names, it was remarked that the confederacies of the time of the Judges, mentioned in the Bible, were, if Canaanite, of cities; if Abrahamite, of tribes. In this period the Israelites do not seem to have united under all the tribes, but in smaller confederacies, always of tribes. A confederacy would, therefore, if of Canaanites and Hebrews, have been of cities and tribes. But, as we have no indication of any such confederacy, it may be supposed that the tribe-names indicate the service of mercenaries, especially as the large numbers of confederates precludes the idea of any but very small contingents in general. The names Jacob and Joseph are sometimes put in the Bible for the twelve tribes, but Joseph being for Ephraim and Manasseh, it seems possible that Jacob should be put for Judah, in the time of the judges separated from Ephraim as Ephraim and half Manasseh from the northern tribes, and all from them beyond Judah. The majority of the identifications proposed may be doubtful, but those of Jacob and Joseph could scarcely be controverted. M. de Rongé finds a difficulty in this trace of Jacob from his assumption that at this period the Israelites were in Egypt. The addition of the name of Joseph shows that his supposition of a reminiscence of some establishment of Jacob is untenable and that the Israelites must have been in Palestine in the time of Thothmes III. Mr. Poole showed that this would necessitate our adopting the date of about B.C. 1650 for the Exodus. In this case, the period in Palestinian history would about correspond to the oppression of Israel by Jabin, King of Canaan, whose capital Hazor is alone mentioned in this list of all those on the Egyptian monuments. The head of the confederacy, routed by Thothmes, was apparently the Prince of KeTeSH, not to be confounded with Kedeshe-Naphtali, and not the King of Canaan. Was the King of Canaan, the only one mentioned in history, established by Thothmes after the overthrow of this great confederacy?

Mr. Birch remarked upon the reasons in favour of the concurrence of the Exodus in the reign of Menfilah, son of Rameses II., B.C. in 1300, and Sir C. Nicholson spoke to the same effect. Mr. Poole, however, contended that little could be inferred from the absence of any notice in Scripture of a conquest of Palestine by the Egyptians, as we had but scanty accounts of the period of her Judges, many years being often passed by, and as the Israelites were then mainly confined to the mountainous and hilly tracts, out of the route of the Egyptians to Mesopotamia and Northern Syria. Mr. Poole also observed that the APERIU—a servile people, thought to be the Hebrews—were still in Egypt in the reign of Rameses IV., which was later than the lowest date of the Exodus.

The second paper was by Prof. Tagore, "On the Ethnological Value of the Institutes of Manu." The writer traced in the names of the tribes of the military class certain original nations. The Chinas he held to be the Chinese; the Pehlevis, Persians; the Cambogas, a people on the north-east frontiers of Persia; the Javanas, Ionians; the Deradas, Druids; the Chasas, Cushites; the Critos, Cretans, &c. In the statement of Herodotus that Media was colonized by the Arii, or Aryans, he found a trace of the direction of the Aryan migration; and in the list of Median tribes given by the historian, he discovered the originals of tribes mentioned in the Institutes. So also, in the Shah-námeh of Ferdousee, the names of the castes preserve traces of the nomenclature of those of India in the Institutes. Professor Tagore was disposed to think that some of the names furnished him by Mr. Poole, from the list of Thothmes, were traceable in those of the military tribes in Manu. In any case, he saw in the ethnic character of the tribe-names of the Institutes the formation of castes in their elemental state.

Mr. Vaux read a third paper, by Mr. Fox Talbot, containing a translation made by him of the "Annals of Esarhaddon," preserved on a clay cylinder, in the British Museum. In these annals, the Assyrian King describes his conquests of Sidon, the overthrow of Hazael, the conquest of the marsh country of Lower Chaldea, a war with the Elamites or people of Lusiana, a war with Media, with a notice of the civil administration of the King after the wars were ended, together with an account of the magnificent palaces which he built.

## THE PAST WEEK.

### HOME.

#### PARLIAMENT.

IN the House of Commons, on Monday, Mr. Cochrane, in moving for copies of correspondence relating to the affairs of Greece, described the conduct of her Majesty's Government towards that country as neither just nor generous. He believed that Lord Palmerston was not aware of the course pursued by Earl Russell, which—especially in reference to the demonstrations in favour of Prince Alfred—he contended had been wanting in fairness and candour, in good faith and justice, and had involved the Greeks in difficulties and perils for the sake of a diplomatic

triumph. Mr. Gregory, in seconding the motion, thought that Earl Russell's conduct had been clear and aboveboard, but condemned the proceedings of Mr. Elliott at Athens. He assented to the cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece, and thought that the preservation of the integrity of Turkey should not in future be the standard of our policy in the East. Mr. Layard defended the Government and Mr. Elliott, and said that the prospects of peace had been marred by internal discords and extravagance. He warned Mr. Gregory of the terrible consequences of setting Greeks upon Turks, recollecting that in European Turkey there were no fewer than 4,550,000 Turkish landholders, and that if they were provoked to rise the result would be too horrible to contemplate. Lord Palmerston said that the Greeks were told at the earliest moment that they could not have Prince Alfred for their king. The British Government had lost no time in endeavouring to secure an acceptable candidate for the crown of Greece. It was for the Greeks to choose; the British Government could only suggest a choice. With regard to Turkey, he said that education was spreading there, and that the Christians, though many privileges and equalities remained to be conceded, were much better off than formerly. If Mr. Cochrane withdrew his motion, when further papers on the subject of Greece were received they could be laid on the table.

On Tuesday, in the Commons, Mr. Somes moved for leave to bring in a bill for closing public-houses on Sundays. Sir George Grey, without giving his sanction to the bill, did not oppose its introduction. On a division leave was granted by a majority of 141 to 52. Mr. W. Forster moved for a select committee to inquire into the operation of the game laws, and to report whether any and what alterations are necessary. He objected to the new power given by the Act of last session to the police, and thought it important to examine the question whether game should be regarded as property. The increase of poaching and the morals of the labouring classes necessitated the inquiry. Mr. Thompson moved, as an amendment, a resolution that it is desirable to postpone the appointment of a committee till further experience is obtained of the working of the late Act. He contended that the Act was working well. Sir George Grey said that the large proportion of the crime of the country which was connected with the game laws, demanded the serious consideration of the House. He thought there was abundant ground for inquiry. But the amendment was carried by 176 against 157. Mr. Roebuck moved for an address for returns of the names of all persons who have applied for licences to change their names since 1850; of the instances in which the licences had been refused, with the reasons for such refusal; of the principles which have been observed in granting or refusing such licences; and of the fees taken for licences, and the manner in which they had been applied. The motion was granted with certain modifications, and accepted by Mr. Roebuck. Leave was given, on the motion of Mr. Cowper, to bring in a bill for the embankment of part of the south side of the river.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Queen has commanded Sir George Grey to convey to the Lord Mayor the expression of the grief and concern with which her Majesty has read the account in the newspapers of the lamentable loss of life which occurred in the streets of the City on the night of Tuesday, the 10th inst. The Queen also desires that her sincere sympathy with the families of the sufferers should be made known to them; and it is, moreover, her Majesty's wish that an inquiry into their circumstances should be made, that the result may be submitted to her Majesty. The Prince of Wales has conveyed to the Lord Mayor a similar wish.

On Tuesday a meeting, convened in the name of the Lord Mayor, was held at Guildhall, to express the sympathy of the English people with the Poles in their present struggle. Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Harrowby, Lord Zetland, several other noblemen, members of parliament, &c., were present aiding and abetting. The resolutions did everything but recommend war, but some of the speakers supplemented this defect by maintaining lustily that it would not do to give Russia the idea that under no circumstances would England go to war for the Poles. The first resolution declared that Russia had, by a system of confiscation, exile, and massacre, forfeited all right to the possession of Poland, and exposed the peace of Europe to danger. The second declared that "it is the duty of every Englishman to labour to obtain the cessation of all diplomatic intercourse with Russia until the present state of things in Poland be put an end to." The third proposed the embodiment of the preceding resolutions in a petition to be presented to both Houses of Parliament. In proposing the first resolution, the Earl of Harrowby limited our power of interference to moral intervention. He said "we could throw the whole moral weight of England into the scale, and tell Russia that, as far as the Treaty of Vienna went—and it was by that she held Poland—she had broken all her obligations, and the people of Poland were free to act for themselves," and "that all countries were entitled hereafter to look upon the Poles as freed from any obligations to a Sovereign who had betrayed his trust. That, he was sorry to say, was all we could do. He did not see that we could enter into hostilities against Russia." But this is poor comfort. It is saying no more than has been said ever since the partition of Poland. The Hon. G. Denman, in seconding the resolution, spoke more to the purpose. "He, for one, should maintain that if it were allowed to go forth to the world that England would never go to war on behalf of that unhappy country, we should not be doing our duty," a sentiment



which the meeting cheered loudly. Still he did not counsel war "at the present moment," believing that the object we have in view may be attained by other means. But for England to allow any man to say "that she who had gone to war to preserve the integrity of Turkey and the independence of other nations from time to time, should on no account take active steps to secure her freedom from oppression to Poland, would be to tie her hands in a manner in which no man had a right to bind them." The tone of Sir H. Hoare, who proposed the second resolution, was still more warlike. He believed that Langiewicz and his fellow patriots would succeed of themselves in putting an end to the present state of things; and he described his camp as composed of 12,000 men, "who were spending their days in drill and other active preparations, and their nights in prayer for the success of their country." But "sooner than 'order' should reign in the Imperial sense at Warsaw; sooner than a stillness should prevail in the cities of Poland, broken only by the wailing of the orphan and the lamentation of the widow, the citizens of London would raise their voices in favour of a war with Russia." (Great cheering.) Mr. Pope Hennessy followed in the same strain. He asked if the assembly had met "to express a barren sympathy with Poland, or was it to strengthen the hands of the English Government in a very grave undertaking?" "If it went abroad that under no circumstances would England go to war on behalf of her own treaties, that meeting was an idle farce." The Earl of Shaftesbury thought it was not necessary to say how far we might be prepared to follow up an expression of opinion with blows. But nothing that was said at the meeting was more calculated to rouse a warlike feeling against Russia than his burning denunciation of the atrocious wrongs she had inflicted upon Poland. Mr. Danby Seymour, M.P., and Mr. Edward Beales insisted strongly on the propriety of helping the Poles with the sinews of war. The former urged the appointment of a committee in London to receive subscriptions for them—subscriptions in which other nations should be invited to join; and with that view he trusted that the Lord Mayor would communicate with the Prefect of the Seine. Towards the close of the meeting a letter was received from Mr. E. Romilly, enclosing a subscription of £20; and Sir H. Verney, M.P., read from a letter he had received from Florence Nightingale the following words: "If there is a fund for the sick and wounded in the Polish insurrection, would you kindly pay this little sum (£10) into it? It makes my heart burn to hear of that noble nation struggling again for freedom. God prosper her and bless her efforts, and bring her safe to port." When our women speak thus, what should our men feel?

Fears have from time to time been expressed that the prolonged subsistence of the Lancashire operatives on charitable funds would produce demoralization as one of its results, and we regret to see that there are symptoms that this anticipation is in course of being realized. The operatives are dissatisfied, and complain loudly of being reduced by the relief committees to a footing with the class of hereditary paupers. At Staleybridge they have memorialized the Home Secretary, complaining that "language of a harsh, brutal, and disgusting kind is habitually used, not merely by the agents of the committee, but by some of the gentlemen who compose it, and not merely to men, but to their wives and daughters;" and that the receipt of relief has for some time been accompanied by conditions little less humiliating than the oakum-picking, the stone-yard, or the crank of the Poor-law guardians. When, however, we examine the conditions referred to, and find that they consist in the compulsory attendance of women at sewing-schools and of men at reading-schools, their comparison to the crank and the stone-yard seems, to say the least, exaggerated. It may, however, be a hardship that no excuse for non-attendance is admitted, except at the discretion of the schoolmaster; and to apply either condition to persons of advanced life is clearly a mistake. Dr. Bridges, of Bradford, states that in a reading-school at Ashton-under-Lyne, he saw 800 men, some of them between 70 and 80 years of age, kept under lock and key. Again objection may fairly be taken to the practice of stamping every article of clothing contributed by the public with the word "Lent," and of distributing handbills, warning the recipients of clothes that they are not their own, but belong to the committee, and may be resumed if the wearers prove unworthy of them. The excuse that this is done to prevent pawning, though admissible, ought hardly to be pressed, if it is true that but few cases of pawning have occurred. The practice of feeding the people *en masse* may tend to break up home life, by separating the members of a family from each other; but it is not a ground for complaint. When the homes, or the power to support them, are gone, the committee must feed the people with regard solely to the most economic means of doing so. But surely it is not necessary that a policeman should be stationed in the soup-kitchens to compel the operatives to remove their hats when a member of the committee comes in. We do not question the difficulties with which the relief committees have to contend, or that, do what they will, they will not succeed in giving their myriad of clients perfect satisfaction. But looking to the fact that the latter were not long ago independent heads of families, with a social position of which they were justly proud, and which they merited by high qualities, it would be better that the funds and clothes of the committees should suffer some malversation at the hands of unworthy individuals, than that the whole body should be demoralized.

The Mansion House Relief Committee have again considered the question of affording facilities, by grants of money, for the

emigration of the Lancashire operatives; and they have come to the same decision as before, that is, not to make such grants. But the Committee hold themselves at liberty to entertain the general question at some future period. It appears that both Mr. Villiers and Mr. Farnall were in favour of the Committee making the particular grant before it, on the application of Mr. Bazley, M.P. for Manchester; and Mr. Cubitt, M.P., the Chairman of the Committee, urged that it should be made. The Committee, however, refused the application.

The bonfire of bonfires on the day of the Prince's marriage was that at Aldershot on the brow of Caesar's Camp. It was built in the form of a cone, fifty feet high, and 180 feet in circumference at the base, and was constructed thus:—A stout fir tree, 35 feet in height, was let into the ground to the depth of five feet, and supported by four struts. Round it was stacked the stouter timbers and materials to a height of ten feet, and to them succeeded fir branches to a height of five feet more. On this pediment five full tar barrels were secured round the central pole with wire, and the stacking of fir and furze bays was continued to a total height of above twenty-five feet, the whole being pinned vertically with stakes. Then four more full tar barrels were secured round the pole, and the top of the pile covered with a layer of hurdles, pinned with stakes, forming a sort of staging. A topmast twenty-seven feet in length was now hoisted, and seven feet of its length secured by wire to the lower pole. The stacking from this point was continued till the pile reached forty-five feet, tar barrels being now and then emptied over the bays, and allowed to trickle down—to the number of 300 gallons of tar. When the pile had reached forty-five feet it was covered in after the manner of the top of a sugar-loaf, and an empty tar barrel was placed on the topmast head. Surmounting all was a topgallant-mast, with a royal standard nailed to it, floating seventy feet from the ground and 670 feet above the sea. Seventy stout fir trees, about thirty-five feet long, were placed around the cone, forming its outer casing; the whole containing 42,000 cubic feet of material. On Tuesday evening a number of men armed with portfires were stationed at intervals around the pile, and at 8 o'clock, on the signal being given, they plunged their portfires into the mass, which immediately took flame, and presented a sight "grand in the extreme." For twenty-eight hours it blazed away, and had the weather been clear, this monster bonfire would have been seen over the greater part of Hampshire, Surrey, and Berkshire, an area of 2,000 square miles.

An instance of simplicity almost unique has just come to light at Salisbury. On the 3rd of the present month, a Mrs. Yarlett, who about five weeks before had been confined, was going to visit her mother at Salisbury, when she was accosted by a strange woman, who begged her to go with her to a neighbouring public-house, that she might get some peppermint, as she had been suddenly taken ill. Mrs. Yarlett complied, and away they went. But they had not been long in the public-house when the stranger said she was too ill to go for a parcel which had been left at a draper's in the town for a Mrs. Brown, and would feel mightily obliged if Mrs. Yarlett would fetch it for her, and that she meanwhile would take charge of her olive branch. Wise Mrs. Yarlett consented; but presently came hurrying back to say that the draper knew nothing either of Mrs. Brown or her parcel, when she found the stranger had decamped, taking baby along with her. On the same evening the woman, who was the wife of a shepherd named Shipsey, at Milston, rapped at her husband's door, calling out "Oh dear! oh dear! I have got your bargain!" The husband opened the door and said, "What in the world have you got?" to which his wife, handing him a baby which had nothing but a calico bandage round it, replied, "Oh, do take hold of it, and let I go upstairs." The happy shepherd, who thought that Providence had blessed their hitherto barren union, proposed, with marital fondness, to run for a surgeon; but to this the wife objected, bidding him call some of the neighbours; and two women being called, Mrs. Shipsey was placed under their tendance, while the baby was entrusted to her sister to nurse. This was on Tuesday. The police were meantime started in pursuit of Mrs. Yarlett's missing olive branch. On Thursday Superintendent Caldwell made his appearance at the cottage, and found Mrs. Shipsey's sister nursing the little stranger, while the happy mother was upstairs in bed, doing as well as could be expected. Mr. Caldwell, thinking the child unwontedly well grown for a five days' baby, called in a surgeon, of twenty years' practice at Amesbury, paid him the usual fee, and desired him to ascertain whether the woman had been confined or not. Mr. Pyle saw her, and, returning to the superintendent, told him that she had, that she had also milk, and that the offspring was a genuine five days' infant. Still doubting, Mr. Caldwell called in two other medical men on the following day, who declared that the woman had not been confined at all, and that the child was at least four or five weeks old. A warrant for the apprehension of the husband and wife was now obtained; but the latter, shamming inflammation of the bowels, was not removed till the following Sunday. In the mean time, Mrs. Yarlett was brought to the house, where she at once identified her lost treasure and the bandage. Shipsey, the husband, was discharged by the magistrates, who also discharged Mr. Pyle, who had been summoned as an accessory. But the would-be mother was committed for child-stealing, having first called Heaven to witness that the child was her own, and finally protesting that if she had stolen it she had no recollection of having done so.

A notable character has lately disappeared from the scene, whose



career is chronicled in the congenial columns of *Bell's Life*. In his latter years Mr. Gully bore the appearance of a gentleman of a commanding and dignified figure; and at one time he had a seat in the House of Commons, and was the owner first of Upper Harepark, near Newmarket, and then of Ackworth-park, near Pontefract, for which he was twice returned to Parliament in the Liberal interest. His early occupations did not promise such results. He was at first a butcher's boy at Bristol, where he was born. Like other butchers' boys he was ready with his fists, and to the ability with which he handled them he owed his first success in life. At 21 he came to London and was found by his fellow-townsmen, Pearce, better known as "The Chicken," languishing in one of the London lock-ups, a prisoner for debt. Here "the Chicken" visited him, and, to cheer him up and beguile his solitude, brought a set of boxing-gloves and sparred with him. In their bouts Gully showed such ability that his fame began to be spread abroad, and the "fancy," thinking it shame that a man of such superior talents should rot in gaol, paid his debts, and made a match in which he and "the Chicken" contended at Hailsham, in Sussex, on the 8th of October, 1805. Gully was so awfully punished after the fifty-ninth round, that his friends interfered and stopped the fight. But though beaten, he was not disgraced. His pluck won him public admiration, which in those days meant much more for the pugilist than we can imagine now, and he was backed against a Lancashire Heenan whom he beat in two contests for 200 guineas each. On "the Chicken's" retirement he was offered the title of Champion of England, which, however, he declined. After his second fight with Gregson, he left the ring, opened a public-house, and commenced those operations on the turf by which he amassed his wealth. On the 9th instant he died at Durham, 80 years old.

At Maidstone, on Wednesday, a young man named Burton, eighteen years of age, was tried for the murder of a boy between nine and ten, on Chatham Lines, last summer. The prisoner's statement was that he had an impulse to kill some one; that he sharpened a knife, and went out with it for this purpose, and that as the boy was the first person he saw, he took him to a convenient place upon the Lines, knocked him down, and cut his throat. For the defence all this was relied upon as proof of insanity, but the jury, to the satisfaction of the audience, found Burton guilty, and the Judge, strongly approving of their verdict, passed sentence of death.

The Dean of Westminster has acceded to the wish of Sir James Outram's friends, that the remains of that distinguished soldier, of whom a memoir was some time ago published in the *London Review*, should be interred in Westminster Abbey.

## INDIA.

THE Calcutta mail brings us news to the 9th ult. On the 5th the Governor-General left Calcutta for the North-Western Provinces, with the view of making himself acquainted with the whole country and people under his government. He will spend at least two hot seasons at Simla, and will be absent more than a year and a half from Calcutta. Sir Charles Trevelyan promises a large surplus in his budget, which he is endeavouring to produce by the end of April. The revenue from opium alone is expected to be one million sterling above Mr. Laing's estimate, and Sir Charles hopes that the general surplus will be sufficient to enable him to abolish the income-tax, which now yields a million and a half. When he has got rid of his budget he proposes to address himself to a reorganization of all the civil establishments, and the education of the people in their own vernaculars; and with the assistance of the Statistical Committee he will draw up, for trade, finance, and civil government, tables and papers, to be published periodically, on the basis of those adopted by the English Board of Trade. Dr. Forbes's report on the cotton gin factory of Dharwar, in the south of Bombay, for the half-year ending May last, has attracted much attention. To secure the cultivation of cotton from violent reaction, he holds that India must produce a staple equal to the ordinary kind of America. This is to be done by the use of American seed. Experimental farms for this purpose were established in 1843-44, and by 1848 the cultivation had spread over 20,502 acres. 1849 commenced the period of free cultivation; and in the Dharwar collectorate there are now 214,310 acres under America seed, the cultivation of which has also spread largely into the Nizam's country and Madras. Experience shows that the seed does not degenerate into the native variety. The want of proper machinery for cleaning the cotton, was supplied by Dr. Forbes in 1855; and American seed is now popular with the peasant, because it adds one-fourth to his produce without additional cost in labour. Since the demand for this cotton as many as 591 peasants have applied and paid advances for cleansing machinery; and now that the high prices are reaching their pockets they pay for the gins themselves instead of depending on the dealers. Another advantage gained to the cultivation is the establishment of the port at Sedasheghur, by which the cotton of the Dharwar—which is "Middling Orleans," the kind most in demand,—and the districts behind it, will reach England within six months from the time it is picked, instead of eighteen months or two years. Dr. Forbes promises that if the demand for cleansing machinery is fully met, the extent of ground under American cotton in West and South India next year will be 600,000 acres, which, at the rate of four acres to the bale, will give 150,000 bales of New Orleans cotton. By the time the new harbour of Sedasheghur is prepared there will be 300,000 bales of cotton ready for exportation. It is interesting to know that as the acreage under American seed increases,

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## FOREIGN.

## AMERICA.

The Federal Congress expired at twelve o'clock on the 4th inst. Its latest acts have placed in Mr. Lincoln's hands powers almost unlimited, and so plainly directed towards the suppression of all freedom of action in the States which remain to the North, such as Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Missouri, where dissatisfaction with the Government is at its height, that they can be destined for no other object. He is empowered to suspend the Habeas Corpus whenever he shall deem fit. He may imprison and keep in prison without trial, and for any length of time, any person in any of the States of the Union, not excepting judges, members of the various legislatures, or the Governors of States themselves. The press is placed wholly at his mercy, and he can stop any printing-press, imprison any public speaker or public writer when and as he pleases. Practically, this power is without limit; for, although the Secretary of State and the Secretary of War are to furnish the judges with the names of persons arrested as soon as may be practicable, the President and his Secretaries are alone to decide on this practicability. By the Conscription Act Mr. Lincoln can call out the whole able-bodied population between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five after the 10th of July next, and the first call is to embrace 600,000 men; and the provost-marshal is empowered to arrest all conscripts enrolled under the Act who may be "suspected" of treasonable practices. Finally, the Government is authorized to issue about 1,100,000,000 dollars in greenbacks, a sum which, with gold at 72 per cent., represents about £137,000,000. The Democrats have been powerless to defeat these measures; and what they will be able to do under the reign of terror which they will create remains to be seen. The Republicans are working might and main to remove from the Cabinet the last vestiges of Conservative influence, and to replace Mr. Seward with Mr. Charles Sumner. Mr. Lincoln, however, resists their efforts, maintaining, to use his own phrase, that Mr. Seward is "the bottom of the tub." By a disgraceful juggle the Bill granting an indemnity to the President and his Ministers for the arbitrary arrests of last year was smuggled, though that is hardly the right term, through the Senate. The discussion lasted till 4 o'clock in the morning of the 4th instant, when a motion was made to adjourn, which was not carried. Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, who had been opposing it, resumed his speech; but the chairman called him to order, declaring that the Bill was no longer before the House, and had been carried. Subsequently it was arranged that a vote should be taken to decide whether it had been carried or not, when the House declared that it had, by a majority of 25 against 13. The attempt, however, to extort a party triumph, created alarm and disgust.

Rumours were current in Washington and New York on the 3rd instant, of a disastrous repulse of the Federal arms before Vicksburg, but they have not been confirmed. The Confederates have captured the *Indianola*, a Federal ram, twenty-five miles below Vicksburg. She had been sent to retake the *Queen of the West*, but was so fiercely attacked by that vessel and by three Confederate gun-boats, that, after an obstinate resistance of several hours, she was compelled to surrender. A brisk engagement took place on the 25th between the Federals and Confederates, near Strasburg, Virginia. A detachment of 80 Confederate cavalry entered the Federal lines, and captured 12 of the Federal pickets and a number of horses. They retired beyond Woodstock, pursued by 500 Federal cavalry, who recovered most of the prisoners and horses. Shortly afterwards the Confederates, being in their turn reinforced, fell upon the Federals, threw them into confusion, and drove them twenty miles, capturing 200 of them in their flight. The other New York journals deny the statement of the *Tribune*, that an expedition of negroes was being prepared at Hilton-head, to proceed into the South, and raise the slaves. In consequence of differences between him and General Hooker, General Sigel has resigned his command in the Federal army. The disagreement between Generals Hunter and Foster is said to have been adjusted. Mr. Opdyke, the mayor of New York, a prominent member of the Republican party, has voted a series of resolutions, adopted by the Board of Aldermen, condemning the dismissal of General Porter from the Federal service, and tendering him a public reception at the City-hall. One of the last acts of Congress was an amendment to the National Tax Bill, designed to check gold speculations. It provided that all contracts for the purchase of gold and silver must be reduced to writing, and stamped under the Stamp Act, at the rate of one-half per cent. on the whole amount, and bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Loans or deposits made for less time than three days, when renewed or extended, are to bear the same burden; and all loans of currency made by brokers on security of gold or silver shall not exceed par value of the coin, under penalty of non-recovery before courts of law. This produced a panic in Wall-street, and sent the premium on gold from 71½ to 74.

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federates under Van Dorn. The fight lasted all day. The Federal forces consisted of three regiments of infantry, 500 cavalry, and one battery of artillery. Nearly all the infantry were captured or cut to pieces; the cavalry and artillery escaped. Van Dorn was said to have 18,000 men under him.

## POLAND.

The cause of the Poles is steadily making way. On Saturday last the committee of the French Senate appointed to consider the petition in favour of Poland made its report, the sum of which is that, confiding in the determination of the Emperor's Government to do all that is just, possible, and politic, in favour of Poland, the matter should be left unreservedly in its hands. This was followed, the day after, by the production of documents relating to Poland, which were laid before the Senate. These despatches show that in 1855 the French Government thought the time opportune for reminding Russia of the obligations she had contracted towards Europe in reference to Poland. The French Minister in London was desired to ascertain the opinion of Lord Clarendon, then Foreign Secretary, on this subject; and Lord Clarendon's opinion was that it would be expedient to take advantage of passing events to bring about, as far as possible, some change in favour of Poland, but not to make such an arrangement an absolute condition for the re-establishment of peace with Russia. More important than these is a despatch of the 17th ult. to M. de Talleyrand, in which M. Drouyn de Lhuys regrets that Prussia had departed from her neutrality in making the late convention with Russia; and observing that the Polish question has thereby acquired European importance, that the idea of unity between the different populations of Poland has been revived, that a really national insurrection has been brought about, that the Prussian Government had by this means cast itself into serious embarrassments, and that it has created a political situation already a cause of grave uneasiness, and likely to prove the source of future complication for the Cabinet. Another despatch, addressed to the Duc de Montebello, is dated the 18th ult. In this M. Drouyn de Lhuys states that the Polish question possesses, above any other, the privilege of exciting in France the sympathy of all classes; and he adds that, in a conversation with Baron de Budberg, he had not concealed that even "despite of us, events may grow embarrassing, and the pressure of public opinion become greater as the gravity of circumstances increases." He adds that, if the hopes aroused by the accession of the Emperor Alexander should not be realized, Russia would create embarrassments for herself, and place France in a disagreeable position.

Since these despatches were laid before the Senate, the *Moniteur* has published others. On the 21st ult., M. Drouyn de Lhuys writes to Baron Gros, the French ambassador in London, directing him to ascertain whether her Majesty's Government would join that of the Emperor and of Austria in a note to the Government of Prussia; at the same time inclosing a draught of the proposed note. This draught, after reciting the origin of the Polish insurrection, and stating that it was desirable that no incident should add to its troubles, proceeds to observe that the Emperor of the French has "learnt, not without anxiety, that the Cabinet of Berlin has signed a convention with that of St. Petersburg, by which the Court of Prussia consents to allow Russian troops to enter its territory in pursuit of armed bands seeking a refuge there, and engages to drive back on to Russian territory, until a sufficient national force presents itself, the insurgents in presence of the Russian troops." The note states that such an agreement would transform an incident in the affairs of Poland into a European question; that the co-operation it sanctions exceeds the rights of the Berlin Cabinet as laid down by the law of nations; and that it appears to emanate from a preconceived idea of a political responsibility, not established by European treaties, in settling the fate of Poland, and which might be detrimental to the general interests. Therefore, the Government of his Majesty the Emperor considers that it is its duty to itself and to Europe to point out to the Court of Berlin the anxiety caused by the convention; and flatters itself that these observations will be received in the same friendly spirit which dictated them.

Then comes a circular of M. Drouyn de Lhuys to the French diplomatic agents abroad, dated the 1st instant, in which he states that the English Government has not adhered to the proposal of a joint note; and that Austria, while adopting the view of the French Government, has not thought herself justified in officially blaming a convention with which she had from the first declined solidarity. "In this state of things the Government of the Emperor has no further result to give to the proposition which supposes an agreement." Still it hopes that the two contracting parties to the convention will appreciate the observations which its arrangements have occasioned. "For our part," M. Drouyn de Lhuys continues, "we shall continue to follow those events with the degree of interest which they are calculated to inspire. Our duties in this respect concur with those of other great Powers placed in the same position as ourselves. The efforts which we have made to subordinate any proceedings of the cabinets to previous concert testifies, moreover, to the sentiments which we feel in an affair which involves on our part neither private policy nor isolated action."

The debate on the Polish petitions in the French Senate commenced on Tuesday. M. Bonjean spoke in favour of sending back the petitions to the Government. M. de Laguëronnière thought there was yet time for Russia to carry out the treaties on the fulfil-

ment of which the peace of the world depended. M. de Ponia-towski could not understand how the Senate could reject the petitions by disdainfully passing to the order of the day. On Wednesday the debate was renewed. The Marquis de la Roche-jaquelein supported the passing to the order of the day. M. Walewski opposed him. Prince Napoleon also would not pass to the order of the day. He enumerated the barbarous measures of the Russian Government. He said that men of all opinions and all ranks take part in the insurrection. "With this state of things it would be deplorable to be only able to give to the Poles counsels of resignation. To pass to the order of the day is to vote against the national feeling of France. Circumstances are more favourable than ever. The Emperor is in the prime of his years and his genius. Our prestige is great abroad, and affairs at home are on a solid basis. The moment has come to act."

Meantime the Poles are adding to their successes. On the 5th instant, under Lewandapski, they defeated the Russians near Breznuka, and captured two guns. On the 7th, under Lelewel, they beat the enemy near Wladowa, on the Bug; and also near Rataji, where the Russians were in considerable force. On the 9th they defeated the Russians near Myszewo, in the government of Plock, and killed 100 of the enemy. On the 16th, at Londek, three miles from Kalisch, 3,000 insurgents routed a body of Russian troops in an important engagement. Besides this, the insurrection is daily gaining ground; and the Poles appear determined to preserve their cause entirely distinct from all other revolutionary movements. General Langiewicz has just given a proof of this in declining the offer of Garibaldi's services. He had served with him in Sicily, and Garibaldi, it appears, wrote to him lately, assuring him of his devotion to the cause, and offering the aid of his sword. Langiewicz replied in terms of affection, but declined the offer for the present, saying he had need of the co-operation of all classes in Poland, and Garibaldi's presence might, for various reasons, alarm the public mind, and give to a patriotic movement an exclusively revolutionary character. If the statement is true, General Langiewicz has acted wisely. Another sign of wisdom is to be found in the letter of General Dembinski to *La Presse*, in which, after alluding to an article in that journal stating that "all the Poles share the sentiments of M. Mickiewicz"—namely, that Russia, Prussia, and Austria are alike to be regarded as foes of Poland—the General says, "I consider as an enemy to Poland, whether he calls himself Louis Kossuth or Ladislas Mickiewicz, any man who endeavours to give Austria the least ground for uneasiness as to the attitude of Hungary." To use the insurrection in Poland as a pivot for creating a revolution in Hungary, would be insane policy. Poland has enough to do to fight her own battles; and any one who would add to her difficulties is her enemy.

On the 17th, the head-quarters of General Langiewicz were at Działoszyce. On the authority of a Silesian paper, we may state that the General is a native of the Grand Duchy of Posen, and the son of a physician. He first entered the University of Breslau, whence he went to Prague to devote himself to the study of the Slavonian languages. He then returned to Breslau to study mathematics, and subsequently acted as tutor in the family of a Polish landed proprietor. Two years later he returned to Breslau to complete his studies, and then went to Berlin, where he served his year in the Artillery. Thence he went to Paris and to Italy, made the campaign of Sicily and Naples under Garibaldi, and at its conclusion was appointed one of the instructors at the Polish military school at Cuneo. He is of small stature, and about thirty-four years of age.

Other accounts describe Langiewicz as small, thin, but muscular; the head in proportion, but with a weather-beaten though fresh complexion; dark hair, and somewhat spare beard; the eyes dark and large, but very beautiful; his entire expression mild, but decided. He is very devout, and he advises his men to keep their consciences in good order, as there is hardly a moment in the day in which they are not exposed to danger. With him in the camp of Goszcza were Jezieranski, Cieszewski, and other distinguished partisans; besides, a Miss Pustowojtow, a young and delicate brunette, who is attired in man's apparel, and fights like a man. She has been present at all the battles; on horseback flies like a bird, and is generally respected and beloved on account of her bravery and cheerfulness. There was a Capuchin friar also, who doubles the characters of field-chaplain and magazine man, and who, notwithstanding his multifarious duties, is ever polite, agreeable, and cheerful. The Poles serving under Langiewicz are in excellent health and spirits. Most of them are in the prime of life, some in the very bloom of youth, and others the grey-bearded patriots of 1831. Langiewicz is described sitting at the end of a table, round which, sitting or standing, were his officers carrying on an incessant conversation, in the midst of which, undisturbed, the General wrote, answered questions, and gave orders to persons who were continually coming in and out. Answers and orders were short and decided.

The *Times* Posen correspondent, writing under date the 13th instant, states that a fortnight before that date M. Petrikow, a dignitary of state, and one of the favourite squires of M. Wielopolski, repaired to General Langiewicz with proposals of peace, promising that if Langiewicz would lay down arms, or assent to a cessation of hostilities for a fortnight, the Government of the Grand Duke Constantine would not only endeavour to obtain the sanction of the armistice at St. Petersburg, but would also advocate the bestowal of a charter upon the kingdom, to be modelled upon the Constitution of 1815, with such alterations as the Czar might



career is chronicled in the congenial columns of *Bell's Life*. In his latter years Mr. Gully bore the appearance of a gentleman of a commanding and dignified figure; and at one time he had a seat in the House of Commons, and was the owner first of Upper Harepark, near Newmarket, and then of Ackworth-park, near Pontefract, for which he was twice returned to Parliament in the Liberal interest. His early occupations did not promise such results. He was at first a butcher's boy at Bristol, where he was born. Like other butchers' boys he was ready with his fists, and to the ability with which he handled them he owed his first success in life. At 21 he came to London and was found by his fellow-townsmen, Pearce, better known as "The Chicken," languishing in one of the London lock-ups, a prisoner for debt. Here "the Chicken" visited him, and, to cheer him up and beguile his solitude, brought a set of boxing-gloves and sparred with him. In their bouts Gully showed such ability that his fame began to be spread abroad, and the "fancy," thinking it shame that a man of such superior talents should rot in gaol, paid his debts, and made a match in which he and "the Chicken" contended at Hailsham, in Sussex, on the 8th of October, 1805. Gully was so awfully punished after the fifty-ninth round, that his friends interfered and stopped the fight. But though beaten, he was not disgraced. His pluck won him public admiration, which in those days meant much more for the pugilist than we can imagine now, and he was backed against a Lancashire Heenan whom he beat in two contests for 200 guineas each. On "the Chicken's" retirement he was offered the title of Champion of England, which, however, he declined. After his second fight with Gregson, he left the ring, opened a public-house, and commenced those operations on the turf by which he amassed his wealth. On the 9th instant he died at Durham, 80 years old.

At Maidstone, on Wednesday, a young man named Burton, eighteen years of age, was tried for the murder of a boy between nine and ten, on Chatham Lines, last summer. The prisoner's statement was that he had an impulse to kill some one; that he sharpened a knife, and went out with it for this purpose, and that as the boy was the first person he saw, he took him to a convenient place upon the Lines, knocked him down, and cut his throat. For the defence all this was relied upon as proof of insanity, but the jury, to the satisfaction of the audience, found Burton guilty, and the Judge, strongly approving of their verdict, passed sentence of death.

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The cause of the Poles is steadily making way. On Saturday last the committee of the French Senate appointed to consider the petition in favour of Poland made its report, the sum of which is that, confiding in the determination of the Emperor's Government to do all that is just, possible, and politic, in favour of Poland, the matter should be left unreservedly in its hands. This was followed, the day after, by the production of documents relating to Poland, which were laid before the Senate. These despatches show that in 1855 the French Government thought the time opportune for reminding Russia of the obligations she had contracted towards Europe in reference to Poland. The French Minister in London was desired to ascertain the opinion of Lord Clarendon, then Foreign Secretary, on this subject; and Lord Clarendon's opinion was that it would be expedient to take advantage of passing events to bring about, as far as possible, some change in favour of Poland, but not to make such an arrangement an absolute condition for the re-establishment of peace with Russia. More important than these is a despatch of the 17th ult. to M. de Talleyrand, in which M. Drouyn de Lhuys regrets that Prussia had departed from her neutrality in making the late convention with Russia; and observing that the Polish question has thereby acquired European importance, that the idea of unity between the different populations of Poland has been revived, that a really national insurrection has been brought about, that the Prussian Government had by this means cast itself into serious embarrassments, and that it has created a political situation already a cause of grave uneasiness, and likely to prove the source of future complication for the Cabinet. Another despatch, addressed to the Duc de Montebello, is dated the 18th ult. In this M. Drouyn de Lhuys states that the Polish question possesses, above any other, the privilege of exciting in France the sympathy of all classes; and he adds that, in a conversation with Baron de Budberg, he had not concealed that even "despite of us, events may grow embarrassing, and the pressure of public opinion become greater as the gravity of circumstances increases." He adds that, if the hopes aroused by the accession of the Emperor Alexander should not be realized, Russia would create embarrassments for herself, and place France in a disagreeable position.

Since these despatches were laid before the Senate, the *Moniteur* has published others. On the 21st ult., M. Drouyn de Lhuys writes to Baron Gros, the French ambassador in London, directing him to ascertain whether her Majesty's Government would join that of the Emperor and of Austria in a note to the Government of Prussia; at the same time inclosing a draught of the proposed note. This draught, after reciting the origin of the Polish insurrection, and stating that it was desirable that no incident should add to its troubles, proceeds to observe that the Emperor of the French has "learnt, not without anxiety, that the Cabinet of Berlin has signed a convention with that of St. Petersburg, by which the Court of Prussia consents to allow Russian troops to enter its territory in pursuit of armed bands seeking a refuge there, and engages to drive back on to Russian territory, until a sufficient national force presents itself, the insurgents in presence of the Russian troops." The note states that such an agreement would transform an incident in the affairs of Poland into a European question; that the co-operation it sanctions exceeds the rights of the Berlin Cabinet as laid down by the law of nations; and that it appears to emanate from a preconceived idea of a political responsibility, not established by European treaties, in settling the fate of Poland, and which might be detrimental to the general interests. Therefore, the Government of his Majesty the Emperor considers that it is its duty to itself and to Europe to point out to the Court of Berlin the anxiety caused by the convention; and flatters itself that these observations will be received in the same friendly spirit which dictated them.

Then comes a circular of M. Drouyn de Lhuys to the French diplomatic agents abroad, dated the 1st instant, in which he states that the English Government has not adhered to the proposal of a joint note; and that Austria, while adopting the view of the French Government, has not thought herself justified in officially blaming a convention with which she had from the first declined solidarity. "In this state of things the Government of the Emperor has no further result to give to the proposition which supposes an agreement." Still it hopes that the two contracting parties to the convention will appreciate the observations which its arrangements have occasioned. "For our part," M. Drouyn de Lhuys continues, "we shall continue to follow those events with the degree of interest which they are calculated to inspire. Our duties in this respect concur with those of other great Powers placed in the same position as ourselves. The efforts which we have made to subordinate any proceedings of the cabinets to previous concert testifies, moreover, to the sentiments which we feel in an affair which involves on our part neither private policy nor isolated action."

The debate on the Polish petitions in the French Senate commenced on Tuesday. M. Bonjean spoke in favour of sending back the petitions to the Government. M. de Laguëronnière thought there was yet time for Russia to carry out the treaties on the fulfil-

ment of which the peace of the world depended. M. de Ponia-towski could not understand how the Senate could reject the petitions by disdainfully passing to the order of the day. On Wednesday the debate was renewed. The Marquis de la Roche-Jaquelein supported the passing to the order of the day. M. Walewski opposed him. Prince Napoleon also would not pass to the order of the day. He enumerated the barbarous measures of the Russian Government. He said that men of all opinions and all ranks take part in the insurrection. "With this state of things it would be deplorable to be only able to give to the Poles counsels of resignation. To pass to the order of the day is to vote against the national feeling of France. Circumstances are more favourable than ever. The Emperor is in the prime of his years and his genius. Our prestige is great abroad, and affairs at home are on a solid basis. The moment has come to act."

Meantime the Poles are adding to their successes. On the 5th instant, under Lewandapski, they defeated the Russians near Breznuka, and captured two guns. On the 7th, under Lelewel, they beat the enemy near Wladowa, on the Bug; and also near Rataji, where the Russians were in considerable force. On the 9th they defeated the Russians near Myszewo, in the government of Plock, and killed 100 of the enemy. On the 16th, at Londek, three miles from Kalisch, 3,000 insurgents routed a body of Russian troops in an important engagement. Besides this, the insurrection is daily gaining ground; and the Poles appear determined to preserve their cause entirely distinct from all other revolutionary movements. General Langiewicz has just given a proof of this in declining the offer of Garibaldi's services. He had served with him in Sicily, and Garibaldi, it appears, wrote to him lately, assuring him of his devotion to the cause, and offering the aid of his sword. Langiewicz replied in terms of affection, but declined the offer for the present, saying he had need of the co-operation of all classes in Poland, and Garibaldi's presence might, for various reasons, alarm the public mind, and give to a patriotic movement an exclusively revolutionary character. If the statement is true, General Langiewicz has acted wisely. Another sign of wisdom is to be found in the letter of General Dembinski to *La Presse*, in which, after alluding to an article in that journal stating that "all the Poles share the sentiments of M. Mickiewicz"—namely, that Russia, Prussia, and Austria are alike to be regarded as foes of Poland—the General says, "I consider as an enemy to Poland, whether he calls himself Louis Kossuth or Ladislas Mickiewicz, any man who endeavours to give Austria the least ground for uneasiness as to the attitude of Hungary." To use the insurrection in Poland as a pivot for creating a revolution in Hungary, would be insane policy. Poland has enough to do to fight her own battles; and any one who would add to her difficulties is her enemy.

On the 17th, the head-quarters of General Langiewicz were at Dzialoszyce. On the authority of a Silesian paper, we may state that the General is a native of the Grand Duchy of Posen, and the son of a physician. He first entered the University of Breslau, whence he went to Prague to devote himself to the study of the Slavonian languages. He then returned to Breslau to study mathematics, and subsequently acted as tutor in the family of a Polish landed proprietor. Two years later he returned to Breslau to complete his studies, and then went to Berlin, where he served his year in the Artillery. Thence he went to Paris and to Italy, made the campaign of Sicily and Naples under Garibaldi, and at its conclusion was appointed one of the instructors at the Polish military school at Cuneo. He is of small stature, and about thirty-four years of age.

Other accounts describe Langiewicz as small, thin, but muscular; the head in proportion, but with a weather-beaten though fresh complexion; dark hair, and somewhat spare beard; the eyes dark and large, but very beautiful; his entire expression mild, but decided. He is very devout, and he advises his men to keep their consciences in good order, as there is hardly a moment in the day in which they are not exposed to danger. With him in the camp of Goszcza were Jezieranski, Czeszewski, and other distinguished partisans; besides, a Miss Pustowojtow, a young and delicate brunette, who is attired in man's apparel, and fights like a man. She has been present at all the battles; on horseback flies like a bird, and is generally respected and beloved on account of her bravery and cheerfulness. There was a Capuchin friar also, who doubles the characters of field-chaplain and magazine man, and who, notwithstanding his multifarious duties, is ever polite, agreeable, and cheerful. The Poles serving under Langiewicz are in excellent health and spirits. Most of them are in the prime of life, some in the very bloom of youth, and others the grey-bearded patriots of 1831. Langiewicz is described sitting at the end of a table, round which, sitting or standing, were his officers carrying on an incessant conversation, in the midst of which, undisturbed, the General wrote, answered questions, and gave orders to persons who were continually coming in and out. Answers and orders were short and decided.

The *Times* Posen correspondent, writing under date the 13th instant, states that a fortnight before that date M. Petrikow, a dignitary of state, and one of the favourite squires of M. Wielopolski, repaired to General Langiewicz with proposals of peace, promising that if Langiewicz would lay down arms, or assent to a cessation of hostilities for a fortnight, the Government of the Grand Duke Constantine would not only endeavour to obtain the sanction of the armistice at St. Petersburg, but would also advocate the bestowal of a charter upon the kingdom, to be modelled upon the Constitution of 1815, with such alterations as the Czar might



think indispensable. A general amnesty and administrative independence were also promised; but Langiewicz declined the offer.

The anticipation of favourable results to the Polish cause from the accession of M. Mieroslawski has not been realized. It appears that, though an able general, his views as a politician have not found acceptance with the Provisional Committee. He is an enemy to the nobility, and too strongly tinged with socialist theories to be desired by them; and he was also in favour of an extension of the movement beyond the Russian frontier into Prussian and Austrian Poland. On these grounds the Revolutionary Committee refused his services.

#### PRUSSIA.

In the Chamber of Deputies, on Monday, Herr von Forckenbeck proposed the following paragraph as an amendment to the law on the military organization of the country:—"The strength of the army in time of peace shall be fixed by a special law. The yearly budget of military expenses shall be based upon this law." With a slight addition, the paragraph was almost unanimously agreed to, only two members voting against it. None of the Ministers were present; but the Royal Commissioner who represented the Minister of War on the committee, declared that the Government would not agree to the amendment, and would not bring forward an organic law on the military organization. And he said further, that by such discussions the conflict between the Government and the members would not be avoided, but, on the contrary, increased. In the Upper Chamber, on Saturday, when, after the reading of the Royal Message, thanking the Chamber for having voted increase of pensions, &c., to the veterans of the wars against Napoleon, the President proposed three cheers for the King, they were given. But in the Lower House the deputies heard the Message standing, but in silence.

#### LATEST.

In the House of Lords, on Thursday, Earl Granville stated that the Home Secretary had taken measures to inform himself generally on the subject of the amalgamation of the City and Metropolitan Police, but at present no other steps would be taken by the Government.

On Thursday a large number of students, at the conclusion of a lecture delivered by Professor St. Marc Girardin, set out for the palace of the Senate, with the object of making a manifestation in favour of Poland. On arriving at the Place Odéon, they were dispersed by several brigades of police, who afterwards patrolled the Place Odéon and the Rue de Vaugirard in order to prevent the people from collecting together. Some arrests were made.

In the Senate, M. Billault regretted that words had been spoken likely to compromise the cause of Poland, and render more difficult the course of the Government. He said: "The Polish question is not forgotten, but a fresh insurrection can only bring fresh misfortunes; and it is neither good, useful, nor humane, to encourage it. The French Government persists in this language." He continued that Russia has replied to the communication of France by benevolent words, promising concession and amnesty; and said that if the destiny of Poland must be settled by a Congress, the voice of France would be listened to. The Senate passed to the order of the day by 109 votes against 17.

It is reported that all the marshals of the corporations in Lithuania, all the judges and judicial officers, and all independent public functionaries, have sent in their resignations *en masse*, resolving not to receive any communication from the Government in the Russian language.

A telegram received at Lemberg, from Tarnow, on Thursday, announces that Langiewicz defeated the Russians under the command of General Schachowsky, on the 17th and 18th, and captured considerable quantities of war material.

American news to the 7th inst. states that a great meeting was held on the 6th at the Cooper Institute, New York, at which a resolution, approving of the action of the President and Congress in declining, as unfriendly, the mediation of foreign Powers, was carried unanimously.

At Detroit, as some soldiers were escorting to prison a negro accused of an outrage on a white girl, the mob endeavoured to seize and lynch him. The soldiers fired upon the crowd, and a great riot ensued, in which every negro who could be laid hold of was violently maltreated. Several houses were burnt or gutted, and from ten to fifteen persons killed.

Richmond papers report from Savannah that the Federal fleet commenced bombarding Fort M'Alister at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd instant. The firing continued heavily during the day.

A loan to the Confederate Government has been introduced into the English market, and has constituted the main topic of attention on the Stock Exchange. On Thursday it ranged between 3 and 5 premium, with large and numerous transactions. The applications in London alone amounted on Thursday to £5,000,000. Sir Hugh Cairns has given his opinion that the loan is legal. Very little political feeling is manifested in the business, and as far as London is concerned, the loan derives its attraction from the fact that it is regarded as a cotton speculation; otherwise, the majority of capitalists wish that it had not been introduced.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

### GERVINUS ON SHAKESPEARE.\*

IN reviewing such a work as the present, which to many of our readers will be entirely new, it is absolutely necessary that, with our limited space, we should confine ourselves to a consideration of the author's scope, and his treatment of the subject, passing over the translator with far less notice than he deserves. We will therefore merely record our opinion that the thanks of all English students of Shakespeare are due to Mr. Bunnett for rendering accessible to those unacquainted with the original this valuable commentary of Professor Gervinus. In the few passages where we have tested the translator's accuracy we have found him remarkably faithful; but if, as is not unlikely to happen in the case of so long and laborious a work, oversights are discovered by friendly or unfriendly critics, we can only hope that Mr. Bunnett may soon have the opportunity of correcting them in a second edition.

We fear that it cannot be disputed that to Germany we owe nearly all the best philosophic criticism on Shakespeare. Certain it is that many profound German scholars were engaged in penetrating the true significance of Shakespeare's genius at a time when Coleridge and Hazlitt stood almost alone in England as the founders of a more genuine appreciation of our greatest poet than we, misled by the artificial dogmas of the French dramatic school, had hitherto conceded. It may even be doubted whether Voltaire's estimate of Shakespeare, which was very much the same as that which Mr. Newman now applies to Homer, is not even at the present day widely prevalent among superficial readers of Hamlet and Othello. The doctrine that Shakespeare's genius, though grand, is essentially savage; that there are in him great faults compensated by great beauties, and a general absence of anything like art in the construction of his dramas, is not yet thoroughly extirpated. We are not now concerned with English writers who have combated this heresy; but, without in the least undervaluing their services to the cause of true interpretation, we do not hesitate to say that it is mainly through the teaching of Lessing, Goethe, the Schlegels, Tieck, and many others, that England, as well as the rest of Europe, has learned to weigh Shakespeare in a balance different from the one in which we test Corneille and Racine, and to recognize in him not the mere impatience of all rule, but the embodiment of an art more universal and sublime than any which had found utterance in the form of the Aristotelian unities. It is true that this instructive German criticism has been accompanied with much that Englishmen feel tempted to call nonsense, and that Shakespeare himself would have stared aghast at some of the amazing philosophical profundities which the most casual expressions of his exuberant spirit have been found to intimate. We could point out many passages in the book of Professor Gervinus which we think based on this non-natural principle of interpretation; but we believe his commentaries to be on the whole a worthy and not unimpressive result of a long devoted study, and in some sort a culmination of Shakespearean criticism in that country where the grand Elizabethan poet has found a second home. Accordingly we shut our eyes to whatever might tempt us to cavil, and content ourselves with indicating, so far as we are able, the character of the work before us. We will therefore refrain from any discussion of that part of the book which treats of Shakespeare's life, for the double reason that it is merely subordinate to the main subject, and that it exhibits a tendency to speculate on insufficient data. Indeed the Professor makes a curious avowal on this point. He tells us that every historical work of art reflects the mind of the narrator no less than the subject presented. His own recital, he fears, will be rather "a poem of the historian's than a history of the poet," and is in danger of containing "more fiction than truth." Truth being one and fiction manifold, it cannot be denied that a history evolved for the most part from the internal consciousness of the writer is likely to possess more of the latter element than of the former.

It will have been already anticipated that Dr. Gervinus, in the main body of his work, has attempted to tread the path pointed out by Goethe in his masterly analysis of the character of Hamlet. His great object is to show that every work of Shakespeare is, as it were, a Kosmos, and that a general unity of design may be discovered in each by those who seek for it. There is, according to him, everywhere a pervading symmetry, marred by neither defects nor excrescences. Irregularity may exist on the surface, but, from the true inner point of view, the proportion of parts is admirable. In the words of the translator:—

"He has perceived one ruling idea pervading every play, linking every part, every character, every episode, to one single aim. He has pointed out the binding thread in all that before seemed disconnected, and has found a justification for much that before seemed needlessly offensive and perhaps immoral. And in doing this, in thus weaving together materials apparently scattered, and in giving us a guiding thread through the intricacies of the plot, he has opened out to us a new source of interest, and has afforded a yet firmer basis to our former appreciation of the works of Shakespeare."

It will be far better to endeavour to follow him in a single instance than to scatter brief remarks upon the general success of his method as applied in a number of plays. For many reasons, which it is unnecessary here to enumerate, we select the drama of "Macbeth." According to Dr. Gervinus, it is the aim of this

\* Shakespeare Commentaries. By Dr. G. Gervinus. Translated, under the author's superintendence, by F. E. Bunnett. London: Smith & Elder.



play to lead Macbeth from a noble disposition and a fine nature up to that point of what was once called *security*, at which all moral restraint ceases to operate. To understand the deep poetic art by which this result is attained, we must first comprehend the exact character both of Macbeth himself and of the wife in whom he found (as the author well shows in opposition to Schlegel and others) his only external temptation; for in no case did the weird sisters do more than harp, by vague oracles and half-lying phantasms, upon the man's own already existent feelings: they originated nothing. Macbeth, then, is a complete contrast to Hamlet, the more so because there is a certain degree of resemblance between the two men. Both possess an excitable imagination, and at the outset the voice of conscience is in each equally loud. But that heroic physical strength, which Goethe found lacking in Hamlet, joined with an insatiate thirst for action and a profound spirit of ambition, places such a gulf between the two natures, that we find Macbeth, even early in the play, ready, for the sake of certain gain in this world, to "jump the life to come," which filled Hamlet with fear and irresolution. Thus the one is led on through blood and lawlessness to usurp the throne of his king and benefactor; while the other shrinks from reclaiming by a lawful act the throne that is his by right. Hamlet, again, finds a certain sort of delight in the torture of his forebodings and fancies; Macbeth rushes into action to escape the agony of mental struggle and terror. His heated imagination can show him air-drawn daggers, can assail his ear with ghostly voices, can make even spirits visible; but against the temptation to crime it is powerless, because he feels that action is the true remedy for his brain sickness, and the only field of action before him is crime. Hamlet may doubt and soliloquize, but Macbeth must do. All this is brought out at considerable length and with abundant detail by Dr. Gervinus; and even those who, following the remark of Coleridge, have been in the habit of recognizing this contrast, will probably find in the analysis much that they have been unable to think out for themselves. As for Lady Macbeth, she is the complete opposite of her husband; being unimaginative, calm in judgment, cold in blood. No presentiments alarm her before the deed; during it, no hesitation assails her; after it, she would have been able speedily to forget what had happened. She scorns the bare idea of failure, is always mistress of herself, and plays her part so perfectly that no suspicion falls on her. But though, from one point of view, she is almost devilish, she is altogether a true woman, though a bad one. We doubt whether any writer has exhibited this real womanly nature so successfully as the present author. The true redeeming point in her character is to be sought, not in those mere flashes of tenderness which occur in her speeches, but in the fact of her absolute devotion to her husband. It may be questioned whether she loves him, but she most certainly esteems him. She is far more filled with the idea of what he might and should be than he is himself; she knows him to be the worthiest to rule, and she wishes to confer the crown upon his merit; his manly nature is her pride and glory; where he sees danger, she, in her idea of him, is sure of the happiest success. She lives only in him; of herself and her own elevation she never speaks. She has also the true weakness of a woman. When the stimulus to exertion is gone; when, instead of realizing her golden expectations, she beholds only the ruin of the land and of her consort, her powers suddenly relax and sink. Her violated nature, though still repressed during the day, avenges itself in her sleep, and she finally dies by suicide.

Such being the two chief characters of the play, we at once discern the exquisite insight with which Shakespeare has made the woman invariably strike that chord in her husband's heart which would be sure to respond. He for his part, being what he was, could never bear to be despised by his wife for want of manhood. Accordingly, on this side of his nature she attacks him again and again, representing the scruples of conscience as mere cowardice. When she reproaches him with want of love, it does not move him; when she confidently promises him a certain success, it rather makes him hesitate; but when she says in effect, "Art thou afraid?" she manages him like a child. This was the spur which, as he says of his ambition, "pricked the sides of his intent," and made him overleap the bounds of humanity; and it is very remarkable that Macbeth, when he instigates the murderers of Banquo and his son, employs the very means which had wrought most effectually upon himself: he appeals to their manliness. We regret that we have not space to show how the whole machinery of the play tends to this result—the development of Macbeth's innate thirst for action, till he arrives at that state of mind in which he fears neither God, man, nor devil. Let us see him, however, as Professor Gervinus describes him on the brink of this moral ruin.

"This fear and this conscience are once more to shake his resolute manliness, when the ghost of Banquo appears to him. This unhinges his nature; his wife silences the company, palliates and excuses his paroxysms with her old presence of mind, and reminds him of his weakness with the old stinging reproof, 'Are you a man?' 'Ay,' he answers, 'and a bold one, that dare look on what might appal the devil.' She continues her bitter sarcasms at his want of manliness: 'These flaws and starts would well become a woman's story at a winter's fire.' Upon this he grows so bold as even to drink the health of the just vanished Banquo; and yet again the apparition shakes his iron nerves. He may assert, 'What man dare, I dare!' and yet his manliness disappears at this awful sight. These are the last struggles of his conscience and of his fearful imaginings. Yet before long (it ought to be not long before) he looked back amid the stings of remorse almost enviously upon Duncan's sleep 'after life's fitful

fever;' he now sees himself 'stept in so far in blood' that 'returning were as tedious as go o'er.' Hitherto he had shrunk from Banquo's suspicion and pursuit; now he keeps spies in every house, threatens the escaped princes, summons the absent Macduff, and orders the slaughter of his family. Hitherto the qualms of conscience in the man who had murdered sleep, had manifested themselves in that he had murdered his own sleep, that he had lost this refreshment of nature, and suffered from terrible dreams; now, through all his cruel schemes he will sleep calmly 'in spite of thunder.' The time had been when his lively fancy would have been excited by a 'night-shriek;' now, 'supp'd full of horrors,' he had almost 'forgot the taste of fears.' Formerly he pondered over his actions, and consideration and reflection preceded and accompanied his deeds; now he has 'things in head which must be acted ere they can be scanned;' he considers himself still young and unripe in deeds, until he has brought it to this, that the deed shall go with the purpose; that the 'firstlings of his heart shall be the firstlings of his hand;' that all boasting 'like a fool' shall be given up; and 'be it thought and done' shall be his only motto."

His end is thus described:—

"When Macduff says to him that he was 'from his mother's womb untimely ripped,' he yields to fear, and exclaims, 'I'll not fight with thee.' But a taunt in Macduff's words, as formerly in his wife's, and at once the hero revives, as a hero to die. Grand, like that Hagen in the 'Nibelungen Lied,' he compels admiration even while rising in cruelty; the impress of innate heroism is visible in him to the last; so that the greatness of his manly strength and the might of his resolution almost outweigh and equal the magnitude of his guilt."

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA AND VANCOUVER ISLAND.\*

THERE was a legend long ago in England that a passage had been discovered at the end of the sixteenth century, between the mainland of North America and what is now Vancouver Island. An old Greek sailor, so the story went, Apostolos Valerianos by name, but better known as Juan de Fuca, was found in Venice, in 1596, who had sailed to and fro many places in those western seas, and had made discoveries of much importance. In his wanderings he had reached the 48° of latitude, entered a narrow strait between the 47° and 48°, and sailed therein for more than twenty days, until he came to the North Sea, when he found it "wide enough everywhere." The story of this ancient mariner was long current in England. There were many who believed it, and many who were sceptical, but none who had the courage to test its accuracy. In 1778 Captain James Cook was sent out to examine the shores and seas as far as the 65°. He searched with care for the old Greek's passage, but he failed to find it, and pronounced it to be a fiction, and Vancouver Island to be a portion of the mainland. Fourteen years later, Captain Vancouver, an officer in the English navy, and not a Dutchman, as has been erroneously supposed, was despatched to settle some official business with the Spanish Commission, and to survey the western coast of the new continent. He found San Juan's Straits, and entered on the Gulf of Georgia, which separates the island which now bears his name from what is now British Columbia; and after a long and difficult navigation, he forced his way among the islands of the gulf, and through the strait named by him Johnstone, until he came at length into the Pacific at Queen Charlotte Sound, probably at the very point where Juan de Fuca, the old Greek sailor, found it "everywhere wide enough" two hundred years before. Vancouver Island was thus discovered, and began to be colonized by Englishmen at the beginning of this century. But the colonization did not proceed rapidly until 1857, when the gold discoveries were made on the Fraser River, in the adjoining continent. Since then both the island and British Columbia have prospered, and one day they may be among the most valuable of the British possessions. In the mean time we look upon them as little known and very distant lands. We know that Vancouver Island is about half the size of Ireland, and that it had been granted to the Hudson Bay Company on condition of its being colonized. We know that British Columbia is about three times the size of Great Britain, that it has a coast line of some 500 miles, and that it is made up of lake, mountain, forest, marsh, and prairie. But that was about the sum of knowledge possessed till lately by the majority of the public who have not made our colonies an object of special interest. This book of Commander Mayne's gives much new and valuable information about these countries, and, though somewhat monotonous in style and tone of thought, it is on the whole not unpleasantly written. Portions are dry and statistical, but they are relieved by a judicious intermixture of personal adventure and practical speculation, and the reader is carried on without much weariness to the end.

Commander Mayne spent four years in the colony. He went out on board H.M.S. *Plumper*, despatched in 1857 to survey the waters between Vancouver Island and the mainland and the coasts and inlets of the colony, during the international dispute between the Americans and ourselves upon the question of the boundary line. The merits of the dispute are very clearly put in this book, and the reasons of the forcible occupation of San Juan. The question remains open for settlement at some future period. At present the island is held by equal bodies of English and American troops, about one hundred of each nation. If the question should arise again at the conclusion of the present war in America, the

\* Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island. By Commander B. C. Mayne, R.N., F.R.G.S. London: John Murray Albemarle-street. 1862.



distinct statement of the geographical difficulties given by Commander Mayne will be studied with interest. The *Plumper* left England on the 20th of March, 1857, and arrived at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, on the 16th of October. She remained there about ten days, during which time her officers spent some time at the friendly court, and in the general society of King Kamehameha II., and his consort, a pleasant, sensible woman, daughter of an Irish settler in the islands. From the Sandwich Islands the *Plumper* went northwards to her station, and Commander Mayne remained with her till October, 1861. During that time he was constantly employed both on the coast and in the interior of British Columbia in exploring and surveying the country. He has given the result of his explorations in the earlier part of his book. The latter part contains an account of the Indian races, both in the island and on the Continent, and a general summary of the state of the countries.

The Indians are divided into the Coast, or Fish-eating tribes, and the Inland tribes—like the sea and land Dyaks of Borneo—and they number altogether about 60,000. The Coast tribes are more numerous, but much inferior both physically and morally; proximity to the white man seems to cause degeneration. Those who live far inland are fine, handsome, intelligent men; but they gradually fall away as they approach the coast, and those who live around Victoria are more degraded than the lowest negroes. Their ceremonies in celebration of any domestic event, birth, marriage, death or burial, are sufficiently peculiar. Their traditions and religious feasts, the savage ceremonial on the initiation of their "medicine men," their "palavers," and their unquenchable taste for fire water and gambling, and the consequences of their indulgence in such tastes, are well described, and are brought out in a manner indicative both of considerable insight and observation.

Among other idiosyncrasies and fashions, there is one which is peculiar to these Indians, and which is interesting on antiquarian grounds; it is their respect for the representation of certain animals which they look on as of especial virtue. They carve strange figures upon the fronts and roofs of their houses, which are intended to represent various members of the animal kingdom, such as whales, porpoises, eagles, ravens, frogs. These are adopted as crests by different families, and are considered to form close ties of relationship between those who bear them. Those of the same caste may not marry; a whale may not marry a whale, or a frog a frog. The crests, however, descend by the mother's side, so that if a male frog were to marry a whale, the frogs become absorbed in the whales, and unless there should be female frogs, they become extinct.

The most useful and practical information, however, in this book, relates to the productions of the country and the prospects for the settler. A colonist can get out to British Columbia by the Isthmus of Panama—which he crosses by rail in something under three hours—to San Francisco in about forty-five days, and at the cost of some £90. This is the most convenient route, but the most direct goes across the American continent. There is a regular route opened between New York and San Francisco, a distance of 3,000 miles, which, partly by rail, partly by coach, is travelled in about seventeen days, and passes by St. Louis on the borders of Illinois and Missouri, and across Nebraska and Utah, by the Great Salt Lake, into California. Once established at Victoria or New Westminster, there are two lines of life open to the settler. He can proceed up the Fraser River and take to gold digging, or he can purchase good land at 4s. 2d. per acre, and become a prosperous agriculturist. There is an area of nearly 120,000 square miles from which he may choose his land, and every facility is given to him to settle and thrive. The climate closely resembles our own, the cold during winter is never excessive, and the summer heat rarely rises above the average of an English summer. The soil is rich, so far as it has been tested, and what has already been cultivated has invariably proved fertile. The only drawback to extensive cultivation is the occasional want of rain, and the lengthened periods of drought. But owing to the great abundance of water in the colony, the innumerable rivers, streams, and lakes, this apparent difficulty is obviated by means of irrigation. It is no exaggeration to say with Governor Douglas, that "there is a watercourse and rivulet for every moderate-sized farm that will be opened in the district." To this abundance of water may be ascribed the richness of the pasturage, which is one of the striking features of the colony. In Vancouver Island neither the arable nor the pasture land is so valuable as on the mainland, but that drawback is more than counterbalanced by the excellence and abundance of the timber. In Columbia the best land is inland, some sixty miles from the sea. The coast, which is deeply indented by a variety of inlets running far into the interior like the fiords in Norway, is fringed with dense forests of pine trees, sometimes growing on low ground, but generally covering mountain ridges of various sizes which terminate inland in a number of irregular peaks shooting up in every possible form and in heights varying from one to ten thousand feet. Behind all these minor ranges and inland of the heads of the inlets, some sixty miles from the sea, there is a long range of mountains running parallel with the coast called the Cascade Range. It rises to a great height, and forms a barrier which must be surmounted before the settler can reach the Eldorado that lies beyond. There is no friendly valley leading up by easy approaches to the interior. The Fraser river has forced its way through the barrier, but the rocks close in upon it so precipitously as to form an impassable gorge or "canyon," as it is called, in which there is hardly footing for a goat along the high precipitous banks. The Cascade Range, however, once passed, the

whole aspect of the country changes. The dense pine forests cease, and the country is open, clear, and, in spring and summer, covered with bunch grass, excellent for cattle. There are no enormous prairies, as in Australia or the eastern portions of the American Continent, without a hill or wood to break the green monotony of the scene. It is rather what the Californians term "rolling country," broken up into pleasant valleys and sheltered by mountain ranges of various heights. These hills are generally well clothed with timber, but with little if any undergrowth. The valleys are clear of wood, except along the banks of the streams which traverse them, on which there is generally a sufficiency of willow or alder to form a shade for cattle. The timber upon the hills is very light compared with its growth upon the coast; indeed, there is nothing more than the settler wants for building, fuel, and fencing. The prospect for the colonist is, on the whole, a good one; but, besides the more substantial advantages, there are other attractions which may tempt some visitors to the country, even if they be not settlers. Sport is always plentiful. There are salmon and trout in all the rivers and streams and lakes in numbers that seem fabulous in this country. "The quantity of salmon," says the author, "is almost beyond description, but it will give some idea of it to say that a Hudson Bay Company officer, who lived many years on the Columbia, told me that on a sudden falling of the water such numbers were left upon the bank as to cause the river to stink for miles." The average weight of the fish taken, either by the spear or net, varies from 15 lb. to 25 lb., the average value of a fine salmon from 2d. to 6d. In England such a fish would cost from £3 to £4. Game is more plentiful on Vancouver Island than on the mainland, but in both there are Wapiti deer, elk, buffalo, grizzly bear, black bear, racoon, and wild sheep, in sufficient numbers to keep the most ardent sportsman in constant occupation. On the whole, whether for a sporting tour or for a permanent residence, these colonies form a land of promise to which Commander Mayne is an admirable guide.

#### SELECTIONS FROM THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING.\*

WITH the confidence of anonymous partisanship, the editors of this selection avow in their preface that they expect to accomplish a very unusual feat. They believe that they will reverse a popular judgment of more than twenty years' standing. "This little book," as they somewhat affectedly style a volume which contains not less than the whole works of Virgil or of Milton, "originated with two friends who, from the first appearance of 'Paracelsus,' have regarded its writer as among the few great poets of the century, who have seen this opinion since gain ground with the best readers and critics, and who believe that such a selection as the present may go far to render it universal." Even were the selection, which has been much overweighted with the duldest of all extracts—extracts from plays, more judicious, we fear that the *vox populi*, through the wisdom and the folly that are in it, is little likely to fulfil the editors' expectation.

Immediate popularity is, indeed, no proof that first-rate poetical merit exists. But, where it does exist, we are disposed to think that immediate popularity is very rarely wanting. English literature alone supplies a great number of cases in point. The world of readers (not a large world, unhappily) has now and then underrated a poet on some other ground than his own characteristic powers,—as the glory of Shelley was long obscured by theological anathema, and the coarse, unintelligent criticism of Wilson and Croker for a while placed Keats under a cloud of political disfavour. An earlier instance of contemporary misappreciation, arising from very similar causes, was conspicuously dwelt on by Wordsworth in one of his remarkable prefaces. He treated the reception of "Paradise Lost" as a proof that high and original poetry is naturally destined to a period of non-recognition. Nor is it to be denied that Wordsworth was himself (though not without extenuating circumstances for the readers of the day) one of the clearest examples that his opinion may be occasionally verified. Yet, on the whole, a survey of the fates of books will lead to a different, to a more pleasant conclusion. When such subsidiary and personal incidents as we have alluded to have been eliminated, we shall find almost all true poets the pride of their day from the first. Chaucer was honoured throughout his life after the only fashion in which popularity could then display itself. The fame of our Elizabethan poets appears to have been steady from the beginning. Before 1616 Shakespeare was already enthroned in a supremacy only less decidedly recognized than now, because no one could then foresee that it would remain so long unapproached. It is enough to name Dryden, Pope, Swift, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith. Even Gray is only an apparent exception to the rule of immediate popularity. What prevented the "Odes" from sharing the instantaneous recognition of the "Elegy" was not their profusion of poetry, but their profusion of learning.

There is, in truth, sound reason why the contemporary estimate of genuine poetry should in general be a trustworthy verdict. High and elevating pleasure is the end of this, as of the other fine arts. The poet is, by necessity, rather the child of his age than the forerunner of his age. He is more the seer than the prophet of his generation. To anticipate the future of religion and politics, to preach unwelcome novelties in science or criticism—this is rarely

\* Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Browning. Chapman & Hall, 1863.



his province. Hence his work, in its subject, appeals almost always to present feelings and intelligible interests, the things "which have been, and may be again." And whilst thus amenable to immediate judgment in its matter, as a pleasure-giving art it also submits itself to immediate judgment in regard to its form. So essentially popular in its aim is poetry, that we might almost say its excellence is measured by the area of the circle to which it is addressed, and by which it is ultimately accepted. No doubt, by virtue of the law that genius only adequately comprehends genius, those who grasp the whole force of high utterance will be scanty in proportion to its height,—it is they who are the "fit audience, though few." Yet this same highest song must be also, like "the common sun, the air, the skies," comprehensible and enjoyable by the multitude. That poetry which is "caviare to the general" condemns itself. Excellent as it may be, it has somewhere lost sight of its vocation. It should please not only much, and long, but many. All who please at once are not true; all recognition does not last; yet in the vast majority of cases what we call eternal fame, is but the echo of the voice which hailed and encouraged the singer.

Where such fame has for many years been wanting, although no subsidiary or personal prejudices have intervened, it must always raise a strong presumption that the *silentia populi* (if we may venture on the phrase) rest on grounds which it is in vain to expect will be abandoned. Like Mr. Browning's, the poetry may be true and high in an uncommon degree, yet in matter or in form there cannot but be a *too little*, or a *too much*. And it does not appear difficult to discover the causes which have hitherto rendered the gifted writer before us unfamiliar to his contemporaries, and which, we fear, are not less likely to render him such to their children. The editors claim for the contents of their volume "range and variety of power." This praise hardly appears discriminating. Mr. Browning, indeed, possesses not only power, but an intensity of power rarely exceeded. Some of his descriptive touches rival Dante or Lucretius in pregnant picturesqueness. Many lines show a strength of sad irony acrid as that honey which of old suggested the word sardonic. The subtle analysis of passion, the anatomy of the uncertain heart or the perplexed conscience, are touched with a lucid and almost poignant brevity. The reproduction of the circumstances of past phases of life is often, though perhaps not uniformly, successful. The verse, though in general to our ear deficient in music and in flow, is generally adapted with rare skill to the expression of the thought. All this is power; but it is power exercised upon subjects more remote from the ordinary experience of men, than in the work of any other true poet we are acquainted with. Mr. Browning has a profound feeling for the English character, and for the English landscape. Yet none of our lyrical writers has taken so few of his pictures from England. Excluding the fragments from plays, which not less unfairly to the poet than unwisely for his readers have been inserted, we find in one of the most elaborate pieces a minute analysis of the aspect in which the old Florentine painter, Lippo Lippi, regarded his art. Another is a similar study on Andrea del Sarto. A third paints the composite feelings with which a sensual and æsthetic bishop of the Cinquecento regarded his monument. Two are devoted to different phases which poisoning assumed at the same corrupt period. "Cleon" is intended to paint the eclectic mode of thought on life and on art prevalent in Greece at the Christian era; "Probus" is a sketch from the least familiar portion of Byzantine history. The sermon which the Jews of Rome were compelled annually to attend,—the wrath roused in a modern reader by the pedantry of a mediæval schoolman, and the consequent persecution of his book,—the ideas of an idle Italian in the country and of a bad monk in a Spanish convent,—the fashion in which a sensible worldly Roman Catholic bishop in England might talk religion with a Saturday Reviewer, supply other motives. It may be doubted whether the highest poetical genius could render these and analogous subjects more than what readers at large must consider literary curiosities. At least they must be either dramatised with Shakespearian force, or treated as canvasses to display elementary human sentiments, if they are to fulfil the common conditions of first-rate poetry, and be at once the delight of the many and the passion of the few.

Mr. Browning's are, indeed, finished works of art in their way; but that way (we must think) fails to satisfy these conditions. That he recognizes that his genius does not lie in the dramatic form, we may infer from his abandonment of it announced in the dedication to his last drama. With high and unusual excellences, his plays appear to confirm the author's decision. In his dialogue each character is prone to the same searching introspective habits, the same hesitating self-analysis. They are, indeed, often skilful monologues in disguise: the poet answering the poet through the long procession of subtle and well-elaborated verses. Nor, again, are the passions represented or the phases of life described, such as most men can sympathize with. They are often such as few men can follow. The reproduction of the past is generally excellent, the details especially marvels of sharp, decisive handling. The intricacies and dark corners which most writers would not perceive, are brought out with lucid keenness. But the wider interests of life, the elementary passions of mankind are so subordinated meanwhile, that the excellence of the work is almost as much archaeological or psychological as poetical. It is addressed to students of the bye-places of the heart,—of the cross-lanes of history. Thus the success of the poem is too deeply staked, not on its universal poetry (as in "Coriolanus"), but on its historical accuracy. Yet even here we must doubt whether any real phase of Greek thought is represented by what at least seems to us the per-

vading modernism—the subjective self-scrutiny—of "Cleon,"—whether any Arabian before the preaching of Mahomet would have written in the spirit of "Karshish,"—whether the Bishop's Tomb be not anachronistic in its fine details. The peculiar style of the art, the notice of "brown Greek manuscripts" as a legacy, of the law-Latin of the Bishop's predecessor,—these elaborate touches refer—or seem to refer—to fifty years earlier than the date of the Gesù Church, also mentioned. So arduous a task—so hopeless—is it even for such ability as the author's to photograph the past!

Quitting the subjects chosen by the poet for his manner of handling them, it will not be disputed that Mr. Browning is an artist who has a genius for vivid point, rather than for harmonious completeness. There is a frequent sacrifice of repose to accent. Quaintness in thought, words, and metre, as in subject, runs through all he touches. It is undoubtedly the quaintness of genius; yet, of all the qualities of genius, the history of literature proves that this is the least easy to combine with the high harmonies and passionate sweetness of immortal poetry. The unconscious sense of the multitude knows this, not less than the critical sense of the few—the demand of art, to put it in a word, is curves, not angles—whence our reluctant fear that the *vox populi* is likely to be here once more ratified. Everywhere we find a keen rhetorical faculty, a direct reference to nature, an only too decided originality. Each line has a telling touch of detail and character; yet the picture, as it is unfolded before us, though it advances in force, does not always equally advance in artistic unity. The parts are often of striking excellence, the rounding into a whole less perfect. Hence Mr. Browning appears comparatively unsuccessful in his longer pieces. They are far too brilliant and forcible to be tedious; yet we have a sense that the writer does not know when to hold his hand. Half (to quote the old proverb) would have been more than the whole of the dithyrambs of the "Saul," or the ingenious *pros* and *cons* of Blougram over the wine and walnuts. The openings of the tales are admirable, but the flight is not always sustained. Thus, the "Flight of the Duchess" turns on a gipsy song, which is described as having had such a force of melodious magic in it as to allure the heroine from the Duke's castle to the Bohemian camp. In lieu of this, we find a rather obscure discourse, for the pooriness of which the supposed narrator offers an apology:—

More fault of those who had the hammering  
Of prosody into me, and syntax,  
And did it, not with hobnails but tin-tacks.

But this defence is not valid for the poet. We want, not the apology, but the song:—especially when half a dozen lyrics are close by to prove that he could have given us one which would have added to our treasures for ever.

Mr. Browning's command of concentrated force and colour renders him most successful in his shorter pieces. Those who can master the strangeness of the situations, and accustom themselves to his manner in language and metre, will find it difficult to forget many of these lyrics. The "Ride to Aix," the "Laboratory," "Love among the Ruins," "In a Year," grasp their subjects with a vital insight, a downright originality, which leave us in no doubt under what class Goethe would have ranked them, when he said "There are so many echoes in the world, and so few voices!" And others might have been added, although it is in another form that we venture to think the poet's power most satisfactorily exhibited. His genius is eminently successful in that "brief form" of picture which has lately regained the name of Idyl. Amongst these, the peculiar gifts of his nature render him happiest in the descriptive monologues; in the poems which more directly involve thought or argument, he appears to us to be no exception to the law which places these matters within the grasp—not of the singer, but the thinker. The problems of the schools, the riddle of the earth, receive imaginative treatment in his hands, but are not interpreted. This is not the poet's function. But taking them within their peculiar limits, for what they aim at, several of those named in the earlier part of our essay are perfect. Taking the larger standard of universal art, little appears wanting (to name two special favourites) to the perfection of that sketch of a poet which is named "How it strikes a contemporary," or to the stanzas in which Mr. Browning has repainted, in sweeter colours, the "Guardian Angel of Guercino." We quote these lines, because they contain a repose and music, which we sometimes desiderate in the other masterpieces of the volume.

Dear and great Angel, would'st thou only leave  
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!  
Let me sit all the day here, that when eve  
Shall find performed thy special ministry,  
And time come for departure, thou, suspending  
Thy flight, may'st see another child for tending,  
Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,  
From where thou standest now, to where I gaze,  
And suddenly my head is covered o'er  
With those wings, white above the child who prays  
Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding  
Me, out of all the world; for me, discarding  
Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door!

I would not look up thither past thy head,  
Because the door opes, like that child, I know,  
For I should have thy gracious face instead,  
Thou bird of God! And wilt thou bend me low



Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,  
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether  
Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garments spread?

If this was ever granted, I would rest  
My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands  
Close-covered both my eyes beside thy breast,  
Pressing the brain, which too much thought expands,  
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing  
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,  
And all lay quiet, happy, and supprest.

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!  
I think how I should view the earth and skies  
And sea, when once again my brow was bared  
After thy healing, with such different eyes.  
O world, as God has made it! all is beauty:  
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty:—  
What further may be sought for or declared?

#### SISTERHOODS IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.\*

THE interest of this book lies, not so much in the religious as in the psychological considerations which it suggests. It is curious, and scarcely credible to find, that in the nineteenth century, the educated classes of the most enlightened country in the world should produce the description of intellect which receives comfort and satisfaction from works of charity only when they are performed under conditions calculated to inflame the imagination and degrade the mind. It is true that this remark applies only to the ladies, and that charity is not the only motive by which they are actuated. The idea that a life of penance may propitiate an exacting Deity, and secure for themselves eternal salvation, no doubt operates strongly; and if the home circle is not congenial, and its duties are irksome, an additional reason is supplied for seeking heaven in a more romantic channel.

As the novices generally join these religious establishments at an early age, we may also be permitted to suspect that those tenderer motives which often induce their poorer sisters to fling themselves into the Regent's Canal, sometimes drive young ladies into sisterhoods. We can, indeed, understand and make allowances for circumstances under which home might be trying and the world distasteful, and we should be the last to object to female organizations, formed with a view to mutual comfort and the interchange of sympathy. That charity and good works should be the ostensible, if not the real object, of those who thus unite together, is most natural, and that when a number of women are collected together stringent rules should be necessary in order to secure harmony and concord, we should most readily admit. But we must protest against the notion of religion having anything whatever to do with the matter. No one who reads Miss Goodman's book will fail to see that the travestie of religion, which is the result of this sort of weak feminine enthusiasm, damages its best interests; and although fortunately few minds are sufficiently puerile to be influenced by it, a certain degree of contempt and ridicule is brought upon the cause. The Bishop of Oxford's objection to the religious character with which these sisterhoods seek to invest themselves, exactly meets the case:—

"One single word," says his lordship, "on the use of the word 'religious.' I confess, after all that has been said, that I have the very deepest objection in any way whatever to applying the word 'religious' to such a life. I think it was adopted at a time when the standard of lay piety was very low; and at all events, as no good seems to me to be got by the use of a word ambiguous, at least, in its meaning, and which seems to imply that God can be better served in the unmarried sisterhood, than in the blessed and holy state of matrimony, I think it is a pity it should be used."

The subject is worthy of notice, for there are no less than twenty-five houses of Protestant Sisters belonging to the different orders scattered over the country. We will give some idea, by extracts from the work before us, of the one at Devonport as a specimen. "The sisters dress in brown serge and go about with bare feet; they take it in turns to sit up and watch all through the night; moreover, the watchers join in prayer seven times in the day with the Mother of the three rules, though they may be separated by distance." One of these is the rule of holy obedience, by which the novice repudiates all allegiance to her parents and acknowledges "that the Superiors bear the image of the divine power of God, which he vouchsafes to imprint upon them. And he will surely require it at your hands if ye despise his authority in them." Of course, each sister is bound, on the day of her entrance, to "renounce in favour of the community not only the possession, but the use and disposition of everything which is hers or shall be given to her." Perhaps the Devonport sisters took this very practical idea from the Plymouth Brothers. Occasionally "the Mother, in imitation of the act of our Lord and Saviour, the night before his crucifixion, washes her children's feet." The service is not worth quoting at length. It runs in this wise:—

"V. The love of God has gathered us together.

"Ant. As before.

"Let us rejoice and be glad in him.

"Ant. As before.

"V. Let us fear and love the living God.

"Ant. As before.

\* Sisterhoods in the Church of England. By M. Goodman. Smith & Elder.

"V. And search ourselves with a true heart.

"Ant. As before.

"Let wicked quarrels cease. Let strife cease.

"Ant. As before.

"For endless ages. R. Amen."

The mother then girds herself with a towel, and in the costly basin described in another part of the book, washes the feet of each sister.

The following allusion at the commencement of one of the collects seems to imply some doubt on the part of the sisterhood as to the position which females occupy in creation: "O God, who didst form the body and breathe into the soul, who despisest no age, *rejectest no sex, &c.*" But the originality consists rather in the forms than in the wording of the services. The novice says: "My Mother, I will, by the help of God, obey you, as our rule doth direct, in all love, honour, and humility."

The Mother holds the Cross, and says:—

"The sign of the Cross is a sacramental symbol, in which lies a deep mystery. When thou shalt have learnt this mystery, thou shalt perceive that of self-surrender. When thou shalt have accomplished self-surrender, thou shalt have discovered wherein lies the mystery of Peace."

Courtesy to each other is so strictly enjoined and respect to rank enforced, that one of the younger members, who "was at immense pains to calculate how many reverences she herself gave during the day, found that she had bent the knee 321 times; but she added that she did not feel in the least fatigued; she had grown so accustomed to the exercise; only she lamented that she found herself acquiring a halting gait, as if one leg was a little shorter than the other."

The next in rank after the Mother Superior is the Mother Eldress. Then comes a lady called the Deane, dedicated specially to John the Baptist, "the symbol of whose office is a silver ring worn on the forefinger of the left hand, and this ring is provided with seven blunt-pointed knobs; the Deane being supposed to be constantly, with the forefinger and thumb of her right hand, turning it round her finger, that thus she may be reminded to be diligent in spying out any breach of the rules committed by those intrusted to her guidance." We are told elsewhere of this lady, that whenever any of the novices said, as they often did, of any task, "I cannot finish it in time," she would answer, "Ask the angels to help you, my dear; you should never say you cannot do anything when you are told to do it,—this is a breach of your rule of holy obedience; however hard and impossible the task may seem, you can do it with the help of the holy angels." To assist the Deane—and the angels—there are Eldresses appointed; then come the "Sisters" of the Society, next "Children," and lastly "Novices." We should have been inclined to class them all in the last category but one; children they certainly are, playing at nunneries, but the game is not to our taste, and leads to unpleasant results; not only does it destroy all family ties and break the hearts of parents, but it drives many to the Church of Rome, where their position, if it is in our view erroneous, is at least logical and consistent. More than half the ladies once connected with St. Saviour's House, in Osnaburg-street, are now in the Church of Rome. And the sisterhood some two or three years back went over bodily to Rome. That is to say, the Superior and all her "children" were received at one time. "Even to Dr. Pusey," says Miss Goodman, "it cannot be a small matter that twenty out of one sisterhood, and that not Miss Sellon's,—twenty whose consciences were for years in his hands, who obeyed his teachings and followed his leadings with the simplicity of children,—are now in the Romish Communion." Perhaps Dr. Pusey's success with the ladies has been greater than that of Professor Jowett with the youths at Oxford; but at all events, if we were to judge of teaching by the result, we should be inclined rather to back even the defendant in the case of "Pusey v. Jowett." "Friends," says our authoress, "whose good opinion I value, have objected that, by making public the weakness of a divine who has written upon personal piety so eloquently as Dr. Pusey, I may injure the cause of religion and piety." We must be permitted to differ from Miss Goodman's friends; that description of weakness on the part of a divine which drives young ladies to Rome by the score ought certainly to be published. Nor do we think many will be tempted to join a sisterhood after reading this exposure of these establishments. "In the arrangement of her household," says Miss Goodman, "Miss Sellon fell into a great indiscretion, though with the best intentions. She permitted women whose previous lives were not unsullied to live with pure women, and mingle with them freely." We will not allude to scandals which have arisen in connexion with these sisterhoods, let us hope without any foundation. The very fact that they are enriched by the reception of a wealthy novice naturally gives an opening to ill-natured criticism, and we have a story of a lady who wavered for some time between a nunnery and a sisterhood. "Ultimately a kind of struggle for her person took place" (this was at the door of a church between Romanist and Anglican ladies) "which ended in the triumph of the Anglican ladies, two of whom seized her by each arm, and she was dragged rather than walked into the Anglican church. I may mention that the sister was at that time of mature age, nearer forty than thirty, and also that a large fortune was at her disposal." It is to be regretted that the Anglican ladies who engaged in this personal struggle had not taken that vow of silence which on another occasion prevented one of their number from helping a sister in distress. A sister afterwards said to child



Hombeline, "Why did you not pull child C— out of the mud?" "I would not have broken my rule by putting out my hand even if she had been drowning," was the reply.

We have specimens in the work before us of the style of literature by which Dr. Pusey trains the intellects of his children. One of the most popular books is called "Rodolph, the Voyager," written in the form of an allegory, which, like John Bunyan, proposes to show the pilgrimage of the Christian, with the numerous by-ways which would lead his feet from the true paths. In the modern allegory, the place of Greatheart, the guide, is filled up by a certain Lady Althea, a sentimental middle-aged lady, very handsome, but very much out of health; and an ordinary reader of the volume would accuse this lady of being given to flirting with middle-aged gentlemen. Lady Althea is intended to represent the Holy Church. We trust that we have said enough to whet the curiosity of our readers; if the result be to induce them to read the book and avoid the errors it so graphically portrays our object will be gained. Meanwhile we congratulate Miss Goodman on the courage which she has shown in exposing the internal economy of these establishments; and if the daughters of England are too foolish to profit by the warnings her work contains, we trust that their mothers will, at all events, see the necessity of impressing upon them at an early age the distinction which exists between practical and sentimental religion.

#### MEXICO.\*

M. VIGNEAUX has a better claim to tell us what he knows about Mexico than most men who take advantage of political excitement to assume the character of a guide. He has been in Mexico; he has been through it; he has fought in Mexico, and has fought, as he believed, for the good of Mexico. He invaded her for her own good, and was made prisoner by an unappreciating people; he had a narrow escape from the bullet, and did not altogether escape the gaol; he went through all the annoyances of duress within the tropics, and the agonies of a sea-voyage in an overburdened yacht, and never lost his temper. Nay more, he looks back with pleasure and regret to his adventure, and he has dared, even at the present conjuncture, to say a word for the Mexicans, and to breathe an honest hope for their welfare.

He introduces himself as a cosmopolite of some years' standing, animated with a zeal for liberty and the Latin race, and waiting at San Francisco for an opening to employment. He takes service with M. de Raousset Boulbon, an adventurer or filibuster after the model of Walker, in whose unsuccessful attempt upon the province of Sonora, in the year 1854, he had the misfortune to join. M. Vigneaux is himself, what his leader evidently was not, a man of sentiment and aspiration; he mourns over the distractions of Central America, and laments that republican institutions there have not had fair play. But with singular perverseness he ignores the share such expeditions as his own have had in rendering those distractions incurable. He does not, perhaps he cannot, perceive that the piratical invasions of wealthy and designing cosmopolites, shielding themselves, when unfortunate, behind theegis of America or France, were precisely that unfair play which no struggling government can survive. But he was then young and sanguine. There is nothing like seeing a stronger hand playing your own game, to disenchant you of the illusions that veiled your own motives from yourself. There was a gentleman in Fleet-street the other day, who could not resist a tempting corner of his friend's pocket-handkerchief; but having (with the best intentions) transferred it to his own coat-tail, he immediately received his own from a well dressed individual, with the whisper, "I did not know, sir, that you belonged to the fraternity." When M. Vigneaux reads a certain recent letter to General Forey, he condemns the acts of an imperial adventurer; but he must blush to reflect that he, too, belongs to the fraternity.

With M. de Raousset and his schemes we have no sympathy, and with his historian, so long as he is occupied with them, little patience. He was devoted to the cause of liberty; but he had questionable intrigues with Santa Anna, the Domitian, as he is described, of Mexico. He was bound to combat, as a Frenchman, for "the Latin race" alone; but he opened negotiations with Walker. He lays claim to military honour; but he did not blush to effect an entry for his troops into the country by a feigned enlistment under the tyrant's banner. He set up the standard of democracy, and had letters from the Orleans princes in his pocket. M. Vigneaux supplies us with a climax; he was a disciple of Voltaire all his life, and he died in the arms of a priest. He was shot by the Mexican authorities, and we cannot agree with our author that he did not deserve his fate.

The second part of the volume before us contains its chief interest. Once free from the baneful influence of his chief, M. Vigneaux's notes expand from daily annals of a quarrelsome crew, and windy declamations about ideas, to a lively, faithful, and interesting sketch of his experiences by the way. The survivors of the expedition were marched up into the country, and afterwards shipped from Vera Cruz. Our author was employed by the authorities to superintend the board and lodging of the troop. He thus had more opportunities for useful experience of the country than a single traveller could reap even from unfettered movements. As purser of the party, he had melancholy proof of the debasement of

Mexican coinage. Brigandage, not only in village rumours and hypothetical calculation, was brought constantly under his notice. The cities swarming with population in the extremes of degradation and superstition; the villages scourged by robbers and recruiting officers; the dead absorption of a Central Government with no organization but an army; the foul corruption of a priesthood that drained the life-blood of the body social at every pore: all these are laid before us not in general statements or inferences, but with a fund of lively anecdote and illustration which excites the reader's interest, while it supplies copious material for his conclusions. In the little tales of sentiment and manners among the lower orders, which we constantly stumble upon, M. Vigneaux is peculiarly happy. In nature and natural beauty he feels a keen enjoyment. Upon regaining his liberty, and starting alone upon his travels, he dives into the desert with a rhapsody of genuine pleasure:—

"Si ce n'est pas pour vous seul que le soleil éclaire, que le vent souffle, que la source jaillit, du moins ce rayon qui tombe sur la solitude, ce souffle caressant qui y cherchait en vain un homme, cette eau murmurante où se désaltérait en vain l'animal peu soucieux de l'avenir, et le palmier et la fleur qui se balançaient mélancoliquement à la brise, prodiguaient en vain, l'un son ombre, l'autre son parfum; toutes ces merveilles sans témoins doivent tressaillir de joie au bruit des pas du roi de cet univers, comme à la venue d'un nouvel Adam, et s'apporter à lui faire fête en reconnaissance de son admiration."

With this genial disposition M. Vigneaux is soon tired of finding fault: at all events, he soon finds excuses for transferring his censures from Mexican misgovernment to the objects of his greater antipathy at home:—

"Je n'oserais affirmer que le cancan, cette plaie de la province, ne fleurit pas dans l'Amérique espagnole; parce que je crois qu'il est un des fruits naturels du désœuvrement et de la stagnation de l'existence; mais du moins peut-on y éviter, si l'on veut, cette solidarité, cette tyrannie, cette horrible espionnage de chacun sur tous et de tous sur chacun, qui rendent la vie de nos petites villes insupportable à tout homme d'énergie, qui pétrit l'individu dans le préjugé local, le moule dans la coutume locale, et ne lui laisse de sa nature primitive que les angles développés par un intense ennui."

One great defect we notice in our author's description of the inhabitants. He tells us much about the Indian population, but nothing of their masters of Spanish blood, except as regards the one point in which he came in contact with them—their uniform politeness. Reserving his descriptions almost exclusively for the lower orders, in whom he finds so much to praise, he leaves us curious to know how he will deal with the problem of Mexico in a state of social and political bankruptcy. A Frenchman is debarred from the careless superciliousness with which some Englishmen attribute the cause to race; for it is his pride to be the champion of all whom he calls "Latin," and he deems the Spaniard his cousin. Neither is he likely to ascribe it to corruption of blood; for the Frenchman has united in blood more freely with East and West than any other colonist. He is too liberal to ascribe it to free institutions; he is hardly mercantile enough to deduce it from neglect of political economy. An Englishman examines the good and bad qualities of the people; if Mexico is ruined, he will say it is because the Mexicans behaved badly. The Frenchman believes in the excellence of unsophisticated man; he is not satisfied without an external deteriorating cause, and he finds it in the agency of the priesthood. He has much to say on this head that is good and forcible; but he does not succeed in satisfying us that the superstition common to a whole nation is attributable to a peasant clergy, themselves drawn from among the people; or that the extraordinary prosperity of the United States is in any sense due to the absence of a Church Establishment.

His remarks upon the evils of foreign loans are newer and deserve attention. He is unfair upon the merchant creditor, without whose aid few popular revolutions could at this period be carried out; but there is something in a trenchant satire which may call attention to abuses of that resource; and that it is just now abused, the history of the present day will hereafter show.

The third cause of ruin he assigns is centralization. He would wish to see Mexico a Federal Republic, with municipal institutions. The latter are heartily to be desired in such a case; the former, though out of fashion just now, has its recommendations for such a people in such a country. Whether the material for any such edifice is to be found among these singular races, we doubt. M. Vigneaux anticipated a prosperous and improving future under Juarez: of this our doubts would have been still greater. But we heartily sympathize with the purpose visible through every page of his work; to deprecate, namely, the foundation of a Mexican Algeria by way of regenerating the Mexican people. Of their unwillingness for denationalization he has much to say, and we think he has made out his case.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

ONE could hardly have a better instance of the force of an idea than the desire of the Ionian Islands to be united to Greece. But to estimate it fully we must regard it at a time when the rule of Otho weighed upon the kingdom, and when the clamour of the Ionians for union was much louder than it has been since Greece has shaken off her royal incubus. We cannot read Captain Whyte-Jervis's book\* without being struck by the contrast

\* Souvenirs d'un Prisonnier de Guerre au Mexique, 1854—1855. Par Ernest Vigneaux. Paris: L. Hachette et Cie, 1863.

\* The Ionian Islands during the present century. By Captain Whyte-Jervis, M.P. Chapman and Hall.



between the state of the Seven Islands prior to the British Protectorate and afterwards. Without roads, without police, without laws, the prey of rapacious governors on the one hand and brigands on the other, they were entrusted to us by the Allied Powers in 1815 as the power least likely to abuse the commercial and political advantages their position offered; and unfit as a people with such antecedents necessarily were for constitutional government, the promise of a constitution was faithfully fulfilled. Sir Thomas Maitland, the first Lord High Commissioner, found on his arrival a peasantry ground down by the usurious loans of their landlords, judges openly bribed, and a treasury containing but three obolis. All this he changed. The peasantry were released from their bondage to the signori, courts of justice were released from the control of the higher classes; and a supreme court of justice, consisting of two British, and two Ionian judges, was established at Corfu to hold appeals from the local jurisdictions; roads were cut throughout the islands, the churches were repaired, and public credit restored. This wise policy was so faithfully carried out by the subsequent Commissioners that in 1851, Panajotti Soutzo, an intelligent Greek gentleman, writing to a friend, declared that in contemplating the advantages enjoyed by the islands in contrast with the state of things in the kingdom to which they desired to be united, he had "lived to envy servitude." Writing from Zante, he says—

"When contemplating the happiness of the Zantiots, and comparing it with the misery of us independent Greeks, I wept with grief.

"Unfortunate that we are! It is now nineteen years since royalty has been established amongst us, and we have security neither for money nor for property. Here you can proceed, loaded with gold, from one end of the island to the other, without the least fear. At home, we cannot, without the greatest danger, go even from Athens to Kiphissia.

"Here, what roads! what joyous hamlets! the children play, the women work peaceably within their dwellings, fearless of either the movable columns of official bandits, or of the bands of brigands.

"Do the Zantiots purchase so great a security by heavy taxes?

"In no ways. In the Ionian Islands, no tithe, no internal taxes; but simple duties on importations and exportations.

"Such is the state of the ENSLAVED Zantiots; and such is that of us Greeks, said to be free; men who have poured torrents of their blood and piled up heaps of their bones to reconquer independence.

"Panajotti Soutzo has lived to envy servitude. . . . Shame, a thousand times, shame, on the system which reigns in Greece.

"After having spent a loan of sixty millions, with four hundred millions of taxation, we have neither harbour, bridge, nor road; we are a prey to robbery, assailed by pirates, infested with a thousand diseases; and, far from enjoying liberty, we are bowed down under the vilest slavery!"

But while the condition of Greece grew yearly worse, sinking deeper into a mass of corruption, with a despotic king, a bribed and servile assembly, the peasantry decimated by fevers caused by want of drainage, the courts of justice a mockery, and the police the mere agents of the banditti, the desire of the islands for union increased with the development of all those advantages which they owed to the British protectorate.

Captain Whyte-Jervis deprecates the idea of giving effect to this desire, believing that the union of the Ionian islands is the first step to the annihilation of Turkish rule. He ridicules the idea that the modern Greeks are the descendants of the ancient, and this passage is one of the most interesting of his valuable little book:—

"It may be that Providence does purpose that the Greek race should again form a mighty empire in the Levant. But it is right that this country should clearly understand of what the Greek race of the present day consists. It is idle for us to speak of them as descendants from those from whom we derive the arts that civilize nations, and to whom therefore we should owe a special debt of gratitude. When, century after century, hordes of barbarians devastated every province of the Eastern Empire, and at each invasion left some of their wild warriors, who preferred the sunny climes of the South to their own dark forests, in some cases even settling in such large numbers as to give their name to whole districts; when, in more civilized times, lordly adventurers from France, Italy, and Spain, looking upon Greece as a land which was destined only to be parcelled amongst themselves and their followers, without the trouble of a contest, divided it into numerous petty fiefs, and erected their baronial castles on every inaccessible height; when to these succeeded the remorseless bands of Ottomans, who, with fire and sword, soon spread their dominions from the banks of the Danube to the southernmost point of the Morea, crushing Frank and Barbarian under an equal yoke; where are we to look for the descendants of the Greeks of old? Travellers tell us that, as late as the sixteenth century, Athens was but a castle with a small village; and that Sparta, divided by two tribes of the Slavi, the Ezeriti and the Milingi, had not only lost her ancient name, but it was impossible to recognize the site on which she had stood of old. As to the Ionian Islands, for hundreds of years they have had no connection with Greece. The Volterra's and Salamos's of Zante; the Loverdo's, Metaxa's, Tibaldo's, and Vocca's of Cephalonia; the Zambelli and Valaoriti of Santa Maura; the Bulgari, Dandolo's, &c., of Corfu, are all of Italian origin. But, like the Anglo-Irish, who became more Irish than the natives, these Ionian Italians are the loudest in calling out for a union with a country with which their forefathers had nothing in common.

"The Greek race are but the remnants of those various nations which once constituted the Eastern Empire, and who feel there is a bond of union in their geographical contiguity, in their profession of

the tenets of the Eastern Christian Church, and in their hatred of the Turk."

Before the translator of Pastor Fisch's work\* committed it to the public it would have been well if he had obtained the author's permission to modify those prophecies which he has made on behalf of the North, and of which, to speak mildly, the chance of fulfilment is woefully small. Of the nine months which Dr. Fisch spent in the United States only two were within the course of events which followed the breaking out of the war. It was reasonable at that time, pardonable at least, that he should look hopefully for the success of the Federal arms, and predict that the North would triumph in the ordeal through which it was passing. But what was excusable then is ridiculous now. Right or wrong in their attempt to subjugate the South it has long been evident that all hope of success has disappeared; and the prophecy that the triumph of the North "will be a moral prodigy well calculated to rouse up the latent energies that are slumbering amongst worn-out nations," becomes childish when every fresh mail for months past has been bringing us news of fresh defeats, of hopeless financial embarrassments, and of the gradual extinction in the North itself of all that has hitherto been its boast. Whatever, therefore, relates to political life, and to the prospects of the war in this book, is out of date. But there is much in it that is interesting respecting the state of religion in America, where the voluntary system exists without check. Dr. Fisch dissents from the common notion that the religious state of America is one of innumerable sects, varying like the forms and colours of a kaleidoscope. He maintains that the Evangelical Church is composed of communicants of four or five denominations, distinguished only by secondary differences. But this view is hardly consistent with his statement that the Presbyterians, who, after the Congregationalists of New England, are the most important of these denominations, are constantly forming large minorities, who, defeated in the deliberative assemblies, separate and form new communions of their own. Indeed, when we examine the Pastor's statement, we find that the comparison of the kaleidoscope is more in point than he admits. The minorities who have fallen away from the main Presbyterian body have divided it into six fractions. Again, "the question of origin prevents the Dutch and German Reformers from joining the American Presbyterians, and attachment to an old Version of the Psalms keeps together, as it were, a separate communion, the Reformed Presbyterian Church." Then, we are told, a little before this, that whereas for a time Congregationalists and Presbyterians by tacit arrangement joined each other's churches when passing from a Presbyterian into a Puritan state, and *vice versa*, the Congregationalists are now forming churches of their own out of the New England States, which are their head-quarters. The Episcopalian church, again, is the resort of the fashionable world, and it has preserved the sacerdotal authority of its clergymen, while in other denominations "the idea of authority has completely disappeared." Even amongst the negroes there is a fashionable and an unfashionable church.

"Methodism and Baptism have long been the religious forms most in favour amongst artisans, as well as amongst the negroes. These two denominations share between them the task of evangelizing the slave population, and most admirably have they succeeded. Those who speak of the blacks of the South as hordes of savages or herds of wild beasts, ever ready to spread devastation and death, know well how unfounded is this assertion, for frequently these same blacks are depicted as angels when the object is to show how happy they are with their lot, and as model Christians, when the object is to prove that slavery is the best of missionary societies. A very large proportion of these unfortunate sons of Ham are men of great piety. This is the explanation of the admirable attitude they have maintained during a conflict from which they anticipate their emancipation. What particularly attracts them in the Baptist form of religion is the ceremony of immersion, which attests to them, under a sensible form, the remission of their sins and the renewing of their hearts. As a general rule, it is the most intelligent of the negroes that embrace the Baptist form. I was surprised at Louisville, in Kentucky, to find the slaves divided into two coteries—the aristocracy, who were Baptists, and the common people, who were Methodists. The former had a free negro preacher, whose sermons, in perfect academic style, were excellent in substance as well as in form. The toilets of the negro ladies far surpassed those of their mistresses. American Methodism is also in favour amongst the negroes, because of its somewhat vehement form of worship, which at times is accompanied by absolute thunders of *hallelujahs*. I was unable to be present at any of the camp-meetings, which I am told are amongst the most singular spectacles in America; but I was present in Cincinnati at a love feast, where extreme religious fervour prevailed. Solid nerves are, however, needed to stand these exciting scenes."

Apart from that portion of his volume which the writer devotes to the religious phase of America, there are chapters upon public instruction, the national character, and slavery which will well repay perusal.

M. Fenwick de Porquet, whose name is too well known to require mention of the works which have made it so, has compiled a book of fables† upon a plan calculated to promote general conversation in schools, the teacher questioning the pupil after each fable is read, and the pupil answering in the words of the fable.

\* Nine Months in the United States during the Crisis. By the Rev. Georges Fisch, D.D. Nisbet & Co.

† Fables Parlantes. By Louis Philippe R. F. De Porquet. Simpkin & Marshall.



For example, take the first paragraph of *Le Malade et Le Médecin*. "Un monsieur, très malade, fut un jour interrogé par son médecin sur l'état de sa santé; lui demanda comment il avait passé la nuit; le malade lui répondit, qu'il avait beaucoup transpiré." This having been read, the teacher asks:—"Que dites-vous d'un malade?" The pupil replies: "Il fut un jour interrogé." Teacher: "Par qui, je vous prie?" Pupil: "Par son médecin." Teacher: "Sur quoi lui fit-il des questions?" Pupil: "Sur l'état de sa santé." And so on. The plan is simple, and promises well.

"The Religion of School Life"\* is one of those subjects which men of a religious turn of mind, anxious for the welfare of youth, are apt to treat from a mistaken point of view. We fear that Mr. Cornish has done this, and that his addresses are too dogmatic for the limited patience and seriousness of boys. The success of his effort would have been more probable had he illustrated each of his addresses by some interesting example. This fault apart, the book is good. Messrs Virtue and Brothers have published vols. 138† and 139‡ of their rudimental and scientific series. Both volumes are carefully executed. The "Handbook of the Telegraph" will be useful to candidates for employment in the Telegraph service. Too much pains can hardly be spent on the production of children's books. The author of "Stories of Old" has written a little work§ to correct, by simple stories, those tendencies in children which display themselves in such sayings as "I don't care," "I quite forgot," &c. The book is level to a child's understanding, and is prettily, though somewhat sparingly illustrated.

#### LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

##### MONDAY, 23RD MARCH.

- ARCHITECTS—At 8 P.M. "On the Abbeys of Ireland." By Rev. J. L. Petit, M.A., F.S.A.  
GEOGRAPHICAL—At 8½ P.M. 1. "March from Kurrahee to Gwadier, on the Mekram Coast, in the Cold Season of 1861." By Major F. J. Goldsmid. 2. "On the Harbour of Shedashagur." By Dr. Duncan.  
MEDICAL—At 8½ P.M. "Case of Obturator Hernia Operation." By Mr. W. J. Coulson.  
LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "Opera." By J. Pittman, Esq.

##### TUESDAY, 24TH MARCH.

- ANTHROPOLOGICAL—At 7½ P.M. 1. "A Day Amongst the Fans." By Capt. R. F. Burton, V.P. 2. "Indian Tribes of Loreto, North Peru." By Prof. Raimondi. (Translated by W. Bollaert, Esq.)  
CIVIL ENGINEERS—At 8 P.M. 1. "Description of the Lydgate and Buckhorn Weston Railway Tunnels." By Mr. J. G. Fraser. 2. "The Public Works in the Province of Pernambuco, Brazil." By Mr. W. M. Peniston.  
MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On Diphtherial Nerve Affections." By Dr. Greenhow. 2. "On the Treatment of Stricture of Urethra." By Mr. Henry Thompson.  
ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On Animal Mechanics." By Professor Marshall.  
ZOOLOGICAL—At 9 P.M. 1. "On a New Bat from British Columbia." By Mr. L. Lord. 2. "On Anatomy of Sea Otter," and (3) "Anatomy of Humming Bird." By Dr. Crisp. 4. "On New Birds from China." By Mr. Swinhoe.

##### WEDNESDAY, 25TH MARCH.

- ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On Thuribles." By Mr. Pettigrew. 2. "On Ancient Snuffers." By Mr. Cuming.  
ROYAL LITERATURE—At 4½ P.M.  
LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "Vertebrata." By C. Carter Blake, Esq.  
SOCIETY OF ARTS—At 8 P.M. "On the Present Sources of the Supply of Quinine, with Special Reference to the Introduction of the Cinchona Plant into India and other Countries." By Mr. Clements R. Markham.

##### THURSDAY, 26TH MARCH.

- ROYAL SOCIETY—At 8½ P.M.  
ANTIQUARIES—At 8½ P.M.  
ARTISTS AND AMATEURS—At 8 P.M.  
ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On Chemical Affinity." By Dr. E. Frankland.

##### FRIDAY, 27TH MARCH.

- ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 8 P.M. "On the Discovery of the Metal Thallium." By Wm. Crookes, Esq., F.C.S.  
LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "On Economic Botany." By Professor Bentley.

##### SATURDAY, 28TH MARCH.

- BOTANIC—At 3½ P.M.  
ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On the Science of Language." By Professor Max Müller.

\* The Religion of School Life. Address to School Boys. By D. Cornish, Freeman.

† The Handbook of the Telegraph. By R. Bond.

‡ Treatise on the Mathematical Theory of the Steam Engine. By T. Baker, C.E. Virtue Brothers & Co.

§ Children's Sayings; or, Early Life at Home. By Caroline Hadley, Smith, Elder, & Co.

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Allison's (M. A.) Child's French Friend. Twelfth edition. 18mo., 2s.  
Anderson's (J., the Fugitive Slave) Life. Crown 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
Barrière's (P.) Les Ecrivains Français. Crown 8vo., 6s. 6d.  
Bible (The) in the Workshop. Part II. Crown 8vo., sewed, 1s. 6d.  
Complete. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Blossoms in the Shade. 32mo., cloth, 1s. 6d.  
Blunt's (Rev. J.) Undesigned Coincidences of the Old and New Testament. Eighth edition. Crown 8vo., 6s.  
Campin's (F.) Engineer's Pocket Remembrancer. Crown 8vo., 5s. 6d.  
Chronica Monasterii S. Albani. Edited by H. T. Riley. Vol. I. Royal 8vo., half-bound, 10s.  
Collier's (Rev. J.) Little Crowns, and How to win Them. 16mo., cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Cotton, and the Want of It. 16mo., sewed, 1s.  
Crosthwaite's (Rev. J. C.) Lectures on Daniel. Fcap., 7s. 6d.  
Cruchley's Map of Poland. Folded, 1s.  
Curtis's (J. C.) Chronological Tables of English History. 4to., sewed, 2s.  
Dana's (R. H.) Seaman's Manual. Ninth edition. By Capt. Brown. Crown 8vo., 5s.  
Day's (Rev. W.) The Proverbs of Solomon, with Poetical Commentary. 8vo., cloth, 14s.  
Davidson's (Dr. S.) Introduction to the Old Testament. Vol. III. 8vo., 14s.  
Eckley's (Sophia M.) Light in Dark Days.—Meditations for Lent. 32mo., 1s. 6d.  
Fawcett's (H.) Manual of Political Economy. Crown 8vo., 12s.  
Fruits of Enterprise. Fourteenth edition. 18mo., 3s.  
Gardiner's (S. R.) History of England from 1603 to 1616. Two vols. 8vo., 30s.  
Giffard's (E.) Deeds of Naval Daring. New edition. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
Goulburn's (Dr. E. M.) Manual of Confirmation. Fourth edit. Fp., 1s. 6d.  
Hamilton's (R.) The Resources of a Nation. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
Holbrey's (J.) Value: its Nature, &c. 8vo., 10s.  
Jackson's (G.) New Check Journal. Twelfth edition. 8vo., 5s.  
James's (G. P. R.) The Brigand. New edition. Fcap., sewed, 1s.  
Karr's (A.) Tour round my Garden. Edited by Rev. J. G. Wood. New edition. Fcap., boards, 3s. 6d.  
Keats's Poetical Works, by R. M. Milnes. New edition. Fcap., 5s.  
Kingsley's (Rev. C.) Hypatia. Fourth edition. Crown 8vo., 6s.  
Kindly Hints on Woman's Cottage Life. Fcap., 1s. 6d.  
Lindell's (E. & A.) Girl's Own Toymaker. Third edit. 16mo., 2s. 6d.  
Little by Little: Lessons in Reading and Music. Oblong, 3s. 6d.  
London Merchant Shipper's Directory, 1863. 32mo., sewed, 1s.  
Lytton's (Sir E. B.) Dramatic Works. New edition. Fcap., 6s.  
M'Lean's (Rev. Dr. A.) Examination of Bishop Colenso's Difficulties. Second edition. Crown 8vo., 5s.  
ditto, People's Edition. Fcap., sewed, 1s.  
Macleod's (H. D.) Dictionary of Political Economy. Vol. I. Imperial 8vo., 30s.  
Mills's (J.) Stable Secrets. Crown 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
Montalembert's (Count de) The Insurrection in Poland. 8vo., sewed, 1s. 6d.  
Moon's (Rev. R.) The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua Considered. 8vo., cloth, 6s.  
Murray's Grammar, abridged by Rev. J. Ellis. New edition. 18mo., cloth, 1s.  
My Good-for-Nothing Brother. By W. Lane. Second edition. Post 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
Notes on the Thirty-seventh Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy. 8vo., sewed, 1s.  
Observations on the Treatment of Convicts. Second edition. Crown 8vo., sewed, 1s. 6d.  
Ozanne's (Rev. T. D.) The South as it Is. Crown 8vo., 8s.  
Page's (Rev. J.) The Pretensions of Bishop Colenso Considered. 8vo., 6s.  
Parker's (Theodore) Works. Edited by F. P. Cobbe. Vol. II. Crown 8vo., 6s.  
Pentateuch (The) and the Writings of Moses Defended. Fcap., 1s. 6d.  
Pontet's (D.) Prince of Wales's First French Book. 18mo., 1s.  
St. James's Magazine. Vol. VI. 8vo., cloth, 5s. 6d.  
Shakespeare. Edited by W. G. Clark and J. Glover. Vol. I. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
Sheriff's (D.) Single Entry Book-keeping. Royal 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
Slave Life in Virginia and Kentucky. By Francis Fedric, an escaped Slave. Fcap., 1s.  
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Stanley's (Canon) Sermons Preached during the Prince of Wales's Tour in the East. 8vo., 9s.  
Storer's (F. H.) Dictionary of Chemical Substances. Part I. Royal 8vo., sewed, 10s. 6d.  
Tennyson's Poems. Fifteenth edition. Fcap., 9s.  
A Welcome. Fcap., 3d.  
Thoughts of the Day; or, the World and the Cross. 18mo., 1s.  
Turnbull's (A. H.) Tables of Compound Interest. Royal 8vo., 12s. 6d.  
Twisden's (Rev. J. T.) Introduction to Practical Mechanics. Crown 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
Unpreached Gospel (The). Crown 8vo., sewed, 6d.  
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